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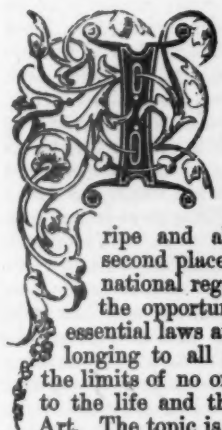


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THE
REVIVAL OF ART IN GERMANY.*

THE SCHOOLS OF MUNICH AND DUSSELDORF.

BY J. BEAVINGTON ATKINSON.



HAVE chosen "The Revival of Art in Germany" as the subject of the present paper for two reasons. Primarily, because in modern times few, if any, other Art-restorations can show fruits more ripe and abundant; and in the second place, because this attempted national regeneration will afford us the opportunity of reviewing those essential laws and principles, which belonging to all time, circumscribed by the limits of no one country, are inherent to the life and the growth of every true Art. The topic is so far-reaching, that at the outset, boundaries must be prescribed. Let it be understood then that of all the arts painting is the only one which the space at our command will enable us to discuss. Tempting episodes might indeed lead us far a-field, but for the present our land-marks must be these. We will, as a starting point, take a survey of those forces, destructive or creative, which went to form the new birth; we will then enumerate some of the leading masters and characteristic works of the school; and lastly, such space as may remain, shall be devoted to a critical estimate of the merits and the failings which have marked this ambitious attempt to raise in Germany the standard of high Art.

We will no longer pause on the threshold, but at once enter on our opening division—the rise of the school. The new school arose, then, simply because it was needed. The old school had fallen into decrepitude. Towards the close of the last century, in Germany—and indeed throughout Europe—the ancient forms of Art, losing their original life, had sunk into dead tradition. Winckelmann even, though burning with love for the glory of Greek sculpture, failed to re-kindle the ashes which were burnt out. The light had become darkness; the inspiration which had given life no longer moved; the soul which once breathed thought into every feature was dumb and inert as the clay. Academies, it is true, were all this while diligent in the teaching of drawing, light and shade, colour-

ing and composition. But in their learning was languor, and their external show of knowledge covered scantily the inward vacuity.

It is fortunate for the world that when things have come to this pass, a revival, in some form or other, generally sets in to the rescue. Sometimes this revival is a rebound provoked by simple disgust, and then that abrupt and violent movement called reaction ensues, observing the law well known in dynamics, that action and reaction are in force equal, but in direction opposite. At other times such revivals are the springing into life of some germ which has lain in the earth dormant, and then, instead of convulsions and overturnings, the change is wrought by the slow process of silent development. The new school of German Art owed its origin to the joint action of these several causes. A revolt against the routine of three centuries broke out. Since the days of the Medici, Grecian profiles and Roman togas had ruled the fashion. Poets seldom wrote of love without unloosing the zone of Venus or letting fly the dart of Cupid, and warriors before they went to battle of course got Mars to carry the shield. Men naturally grew tired of this everlasting serving up of ideas, which in the lapse of ages and the change of religions, had lost much of their original freshness and fitness. Hence was provoked reaction, a reaction which, as we have said, was in force equal, but in direction opposite, to the anterior momentum. Three centuries ago the classic had awakened a sleeping world to wonder; within the memory of our times the mediæval came to arouse an unbelieving generation to worship. For a period of three hundred years, the latest, that is the classic, manner of Raphael, had held dominion in the academies of Europe. The new school of Germany proclaimed, in antagonism, its faith in an anterior epoch, in earlier masters, and in that style which hitherto had been deemed archaic. The Italian painters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries—Guido, Domenichino, and the Caracci—were driven from their seats, and in their stead enthroned the masters of the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries—Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. Classic Art was stigmatised as Pagan; Raphael condemned as Anti-Christian and corrupt; and thus the rising discontent against the received academic teachings grew ripe for revolt, till at length open war was proclaimed, with "Pre-Raphaelite" as a banner and a watchword—an ensign which we have seen waving, though happily now only half-mast high, on the white cliffs of England.

But though a revival may gather from antagonism its first vehemence, it can scarcely thus gain its lasting vitality. A life-giving revival must be sustained, less by opposing force from without than by a living power from within. And this best assurance of a noble mission was not wholly wanting to the new school. Classic sculpture had been severe, cold, even icy. Her marble front might be likened to the everlasting hills of snow, silent, motionless, sublime. But Art enters for us also the valleys; her step is gentle, and her voice loving. Certain it is that the gospel of peace has given us works melting with human sympathies, mellowed by a grace divine, and eloquent through an indwelling spirit which fashions all things in beauty. This at least was the belief of those earnest men, Overbeck and others, who became the prayer-seeking disciples of Christian Art. Theirs was the creed that the religion of Christ had not only been the highest, but ought to be the only inspiration to genius; and like Fra Angelico of old, these painters entered their studios through the door of the church, and made the morning orison the

preparation for the noontide work. Weak some of these men were, as mortals are wont to be, and their weakness had not always the blessed issue of being clothed in strength by a higher power, yet for some of them, I firmly believe, were opened, even in the desert, wells of water.

I think, then, we shall understand what were the agencies which conspired to bring about that revival which we must now approach more closely. The primary motive powers, as we have seen, were, on the one hand, antipathy to a pseudo-classic, and, on the other, attachment for a pure and earnest Christian Art. We have now arrived at a period early in the present century, when the first disciples of the new or rather the revived school—Overbeck, Veit, and Cornelius—being committed to revolutionary doctrines, were compelled to take decided action. They commenced by secession from the academies of Vienna and Düsseldorf, wherein they had been educated. Such a step was easy; their subsequent course more arduous. They were severed from their masters and their fellow-students, they were estranged from the sympathy of friends, they had forsaken the time-worn path of three centuries, and at length found themselves turned adrift into the midst of mediæval ages where no hand was ready to guide them through the darkness. Great must have been their perplexity and trouble, and I incline to think that at the very outset they committed a mistake which has, even to this moment, marred their maturest works. Two courses were open to them; two schools divided their choice. Near at hand in their own fatherland were the noble works of Van Eyck, Durer, and Holbein. Across the frontier of the Alps in a foreign country might be found the frescoes of Fra Angelico, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. We will pause for a moment at this turning point, to ponder on the conflicting claims which must have sorely bewildered these young men in the selection of their future school and masters.

The question which Overbeck and his confreres had to answer was, whether this revival, which they believed had been committed to their hands, might not find robust root and growth in German territories within shadow of their own homes. These men belonged to the great Teutonic family, which in the works of Van Eyck, Memling, Durer, and Holbein, had given proof of unusual vigour. They were the descendants of a race of painters stamped with a bold idiosyncrasy, which certainly had but little in common with Italian ideality. The quaint old works of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries which we see in the galleries of Munich and Berlin, vouch for the strength of German genius, yet at the same time set the limits beyond which northern Art has ever found it perilous to pass. The figures which we find painted on these cribbed and cabined panels, are of a wholly different character from the saints and the angels which appeared to the vision of Beato Angelico in the Tuscan convent of St. Marco. The Madonna of a northern latitude bears the traits of a good housewife; the saints have the ungainly carriage of men who have plodded honestly at an earthly calling. Look into the countenance, and you will read that imagination has never taken wing to regions where the feet could not follow. Measure the square brow, and you will discover the ample seat of reason. Mark the firmly set lip, the seal of resolute will. Trace the severe lines across the forehead and down the cheek, as if the rights of private judgment had been graven in the flesh—rights so unyielding that the warm flood of life is staid and chilled—rights which, whether lighted or not by the lamp of truth, seems to matter little, for they are held with a resolu-

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tion firm to martyrdom. Such is the personification of early German Art. In fidelity to individual nature it is unrivalled; in fantastic forms and grotesque spirit it is peculiar; in its indifference to beauty for her own sake it is a direct contrast to the schools of Italy.

Now, we again repeat, it became a question of vital moment whether the young reformers should cling to the Art of their native land, whether they should seek to rear a modern school on the foundations laid by their forefathers; or whether, on the other hand, they should migrate to Italy and strive to attain the transcendental style. Ambition—let us admit a laudable ambition—tempted them to adopt the latter alternative. It has been said in satire that the faculty of reflection was given to the people of the north chiefly for the contemplation of the poetry and the beauty which reside in the south. And surely the true artist thirsting for perfection can scarcely in these climes of great-coat weather, in an age and in countries given up to calculating utility, find sphere for that romance of fancy, that riot of imagination, or even for the calm meditation wherein the poetic mind first tries the venturesome wing or gathers its future strength. For painters, moreover, such as Overbeck and Cornelius, aspiring after high Christian Art, some study in Italy, if not a lengthened sojourn, is certainly desirable, almost indeed indispensable. Men for command of position, men who are to do a new work in the world, and to leave an impress on their country, wisely separate themselves for a season from the narrow confines of a province, from the prejudices of a day and the fleeting fashions of an hour, to tread in a distant and illustrious land the roads which history has beaten, to live in ancient capitals, centres of bygone civilisations, and to ponder even among ruins upon those firm truths and enduring principles which time may cloud but cannot wholly change. Such principles and truths, especially for the artist, are best learnt in Italy. Italy is of the Arts the monument, the mausoleum, and the museum. In Tuscany are Etruscan sepulchres. In Magna Grecia are Greek temples. On the confines of Naples are buried Roman towns, the successive remains of three great nations. To these we must add the matchless creations of a fourth people—the Italians of the middle ages. Whoever the student may be, whatever the special department of his labour, it is impossible that his imagination should not kindle, his ambition burn, when brought in contact with these vast displays of power, these multitudinous manifestations of beauty. Even the painter who may be intent solely on the revival of mediæval Art, can scarcely fail, as he casts his eye over this wide horizon, to gain extent of vision and largeness of conception. His own cherished theme is religious Art. He copies pictures of the Madonna; he studies the legends of the saints. But surely other teachings will not be lacking; monitions written upon each crumbling wall, warnings muttered by every tongue, come to him as dire evidence of a divine judgment, as direct workings of a Providence which has strewn the ground with ruins, buried empires, and yet from day to day makes the sun to rise with blessings for the earth. In the stillness of the caverned tomb, in the grandeur and desolation of the fallen column, a voice steals upon the ear which, to the true religious artist, free from false trammels, should speak as inspiration. Reasons then, I think, there were why Overbeck, Cornelius, Veit, and others should have forsaken, for a time, at least, the German fatherland, reasons, however, which, as I have endeavoured to indicate, pointed to increased liberty, not to final thralldom.

I hope that this somewhat elaborate ana-

lysis of the antecedents attending the revival of Art in Germany will have indicated, 1st, Why these reformers broke in revolt from the established academies; 2nd, Why they eschewed the ancient school of their country; 3rd, Why they preferred to migrate into Italy; and 4th, Why they determined to re-fashion their so-called Christian Art exclusively on the practice and the precedent of the old Italian masters of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. On this last point we may remember that an eloquent English writer, indulging in a brilliant antithesis, for which he has become illustrious, makes the unqualified assertion, "that all ancient Art was religious, and all modern Art is profane." This, doubtless, is a partial and an exaggerated statement; yet can we well understand why Overbeck and his followers should have held themselves aloof from the companionship of the ordinary run of students, and have shunned the noisy haunts of men. These zealots, wrapped in contemplation, sought to breathe in the very spirit of those divine works which on cloister wall, we regret to say, are now fast fading from vision. In their proposed revival they aspired not to create, but were content to copy. With timid hand, yet devoted heart, they would transcribe those angel forms which, when the star rested over Bethlehem, glided gently down to where the young Child lay. In the legends of their church they were learned; in the reproduction of the forms, and even of the actual figures of the masters of Tuscany and Umbria, they were literal. And this devotion, yet servility, I would say emphatically, was their glory and their reproach.

We have found, then, that the masters of three distinct and opposing schools stood around the cradle of the newly-born German Art. First, and nearest, men ready at once to arrogate the office of tutors—academicians, adepts in classic and Raphaelian conventionalities. Second, sturdy old Germans, vigorous in their ancient stock, but somewhat uncouth and anti-sympathetic. Lastly, the loving Italian, seemingly pure as a vestal, holy as a saint. It was, as we have seen, to the tender guardianship of this so-called spiritual school that Overbeck affectionately clung.

The apprenticeship of these young German artists is ended, and we will now enter on the works of their maturer life. In Rome, the city of their adoption, they received a few commissions. In the Villa Massimi, near La Porta Laterana, may be seen to this day a series of frescoes from the Divina Commedia and the Gerasalème, executed by Veit, Schnorr, Overbeck, and Führich; and in the house of the Zuccari, on the Pincian, is another series of frescoes, illustrating the history of Joseph, and painted by Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, and Cornelius. We will, however, at once cross the Alps, and change the scene from Italy to Germany, for it is, after all, in the native country of these painters that the most characteristic works of the modern revival must be sought. To enumerate all the important compositions with which, during the last thirty years, the churches, palaces, and municipal buildings of the capitals of Germany have been adorned, were within the limits of one article impossible. I shall therefore hope to concentrate the attention of the reader on two chief centres, the school of Düsseldorf and the town of Munich.

I visited Düsseldorf a few years ago, not without disappointment. The comparatively small collection of pictures which constitutes the public gallery could be scarcely received as a fair representation of the school which had acquired European renown. The 'Annunciation,' by Carl Müller, and the two

'Leonoras,' by Professor Sohn, are indeed well-known works; and I wish that time would admit of a digression in favour of Lessing, who, in opposition to the clique of so-called Christian artists, has nobly raised the standard of Protestantism. What was incomplete in the public gallery I sought to supplement by a visit to private studios. Here I found some pictures in progress. But, fortunately for the artists themselves, the works which had already won distinction were long since disposed of, and could be seen only in distant cities. Düsseldorf, then, is not so much an emporium of Art as a school for artists; and in this last aspect it is almost impossible to over-estimate the influence which its professors and painters have exerted throughout Germany and Europe. Düsseldorf, like Rome, is a republic of artists. In these two centres, of which there are but few in Europe, painters and sculptors meet in friendship or in rivalry; they discuss in *cafés* and in clubs the merest of conflicting theories and masters; visits freely pass from studio to studio, and searching criticism flies as a barbed shaft, hitting but not killing. In such a community the master minds govern, and public opinion soon consolidates into a dominant idea. That idea, in the case of Düsseldorf, was the revival to reinstated glory of Christian Art. There might be, it is true, dissentient minds, like that of Lessing, a man who, distrusting the emotions, confided in the strength of sober intellect. There may likewise in a great school, as in the wide world, be found diversities of gifts and differences in callings. Students from Norway, such as Tidemand, by sympathy become identified with a vigorous naturalism. The lovers of landscape, like Achenbach, Hildebrand, and Leu, will sketch on the Scheldt and study on the fiords of Scandinavia. Yet notwithstanding these varieties of manifestation, do we ever distinguish in this school of Düsseldorf the unity of one dominant thought and purpose—a steadfast faith in that mission which was received as a marvel in modern Europe—the revival, as we have seen, of mediæval Art.

For an epitome of the work which these disciples from Düsseldorf have accomplished, we will visit a small church at Remagen, not far from the Drachenfels, overhanging the Rhine. The interior of this cabinet of pictures, dedicated to St. Apollinaris, may not inaptly be compared to the chapel of Giotto, at Padua. The walls are literally illuminated, as the pages of a missal, with frescoes. Carl Müller, Andrea Müller, Deger, and Ittenbach, all illustrious representatives of the neighbouring school of Düsseldorf, have here painted those visions of heaven which, recorded in the Scriptures, became revelations for earth; they have, as far as may be permitted to mortal artists, drawn aside the veil and displayed to the gaze of the worshipper the heavenly host. Seldom in the history of painting—even at a period when the artist sought for, and believed he found divine illumination—have we witnessed the manifestation of angel life and ministration in forms more lovely, in features more pure from earth's alloy. Criticism, it is true, might easily blow the breath of detraction into the face of these super-mundane creations. The feebleness which almost inevitably inheres to compilations—the lack of originality, which is the bane of eclecticism—the want of positive vitality, which emasculates a spirituality of mere negation—such, it might be urged, are the shortcomings of this school, which falters with precarious footing on the confines of two worlds. Yet beset as we are on all sides by the gross materialism of a grovelling Art which glories in a debased naturalism, we thankfully accept

these nobler aspirations, just as they are, without cavil, and would wish to use all such outcomings of chastened imagination as aids by which the mind may reach forward in its appointed progress. Chapels thus glowing in the harmony of colour, thus adorned with the loveliness of form, are intoned in unison with hymns sung both on earth and in sky. I rejoice to think that the example set by Germany has been followed by Protestant England in churches—such as All Saints', Margaret Street, and the church erected by Mr. Gambier Parry, at Highnam, in the county of Gloucester. Much remains to be done; indeed, a beginning has hitherto barely been made; yet the views to which I have here ventured to give individual expression, have, at all events, already laid firm hold on the public mind, and each passing year witnesses to their practical extension.

We will now pass from Düsseldorf to Munich. I should have liked to have visited on the way the grand mural paintings of Kaulbach in Berlin. But time presses; and the style of Kaulbach, moreover, differs so essentially from the manner of his more mediæval brethren, that a distinct and lengthened analysis would be needful before we could venture to determine the precise position and merit of his marvellous productions. In one short sentence, then, we must be content to say that Kaulbach, contrasted with the masters of Düsseldorf, is classic, academic, and rationalistic. Without further tarriance we will go forthwith to Munich. Düsseldorf we have seen as a school, Munich we approach as a capital and court: Düsseldorf is the cradle and nursery of genius, Munich is, or at least has been, the throne of a monarch who aspired to be in the Gothic Fatherland a modern Meccenas and Medici. Perhaps few cities in the entire world offer to the student and the traveller subjects so suggestive of serious reflection. The greater number of these topics we must pass by, in order with less distraction to concentrate the attention on a few leading artists and master-works. In the first place, let us say a word on the revival of fresco painting. This process has been deemed peculiarly fitted for grand historic compositions. Large in manners, firmly pronounced in outline, abstinent of detail, yet simple in generic truth, fresco painting has been in the history of Art closely allied to her sister, Architecture. The method, probably never entirely lost, had certainly fallen into some disuse when Overbeck and Cornelius, in Rome, were seeking to retrace the footsteps of the Italian Pre-Raphaelites. In fresco these middle-age painters had expressed their noblest thoughts; through the instrument of fresco, therefore, it was natural that their modern imitators should strive to obtain utterance. This experiment—perhaps the boldest essayed within living memory—has been put to the trial on a scale almost beyond precedent in the city of Munich. Three churches—that of St. Lewis, the Basilica of St. Boniface, and the Palace Chapel of All Saints—are richly adorned from pavement to vault with mural paintings, executed by Cornelius and Hess, assisted, as the masters of old, by a troop of students. The magnitude of these works, and the arduous labours they involved, will be sufficiently indicated by the one example of the 'Last Judgment,' the greatest achievement of Cornelius—the Hercules of his school. The studies for this grand fresco, occupying the apse in the church of St. Lewis, taxed ten years of the artist's sojourn in Rome, and one figure, that of Christ, in the composition, is little less than twelve feet high. Such are the proportions, such the ambition, of the Munich school of high Art.

The name of Cornelius has for many years sounded in every ear. Let us pause for a moment to make scrutiny of his genius. In Rome the age of Leo witnessed Raphael and Michael Angelo—contrasts and rivals. In Munich the reign of Lewis saw as contemporaries Overbeck and Cornelius. Overbeck was gentle as Sanzio; Cornelius fierce and turbulent as Buonarroti. Overbeck clung to beauty as the symbol of divine love; Cornelius armed himself with grandeur, the personification of power. Inspiration stole quietly on Overbeck as a still small voice; deity thundered to Cornelius from a whirlwind. The horizon of German Art has been divided between these two men—unequally, indeed, because even as seen in Raphael and Michael Angelo, sympathy may win when power but repels. And so Cornelius, like his great prototype, will die with followers few. Yet strength in Art has seldom been denied to nobility of mind. Cornelius is again and again described in the letters of Niebuhr as a bold, free-minded man. Yet, I regret to say, that bold as Cornelius, when a student, was, he has since, in his crowning work, 'The Last Judgment,' given melancholy example of servility. He was known in Rome as an enthusiast for the poet Goëthe; indeed, it had been said that he aspired to become the Goëthe of painters. We turn to his picture, 'The Last Judgment,' in Munich; we gaze around the vast concourse—the harvest of the world—and among adoring saints, high in the beatitude of the serener sky, may be distinguished a royal head. The eye then wanders downwards to the lower sphere, and there, in the fellowship of demons, behold a hideous monster crouched at the feet of Satan. That royal personage entering on the ineffable glory is ex-king Ludwig! and that monster is the poet Goëthe. Call to remembrance the repeated and the heartfelt tributes which our own Carlyle has offered to his master in literature and brother in labour, and then estimate, if we can, the grossness of the indignity which the philosopher and poet of Germany—compassed, it may be, with infirmities, for to err is mortal—has suffered in this picture—parody upon truth and honesty. Such a betrayal of the allegiance which genius owes to genius, comes, however, in the end with avenging rebound, and stabs to the very heart that school of Munich, the integrity of which is thus assailed. We enter the Basilica and the Palace Chapel, each glorying in spiritual Art as conceived by Hess, a leading disciple of the creed, and though not unconscious of incipient reverie, sober sense warns us no further to wander from the paths of nature. Reason has been given for a governing faculty in man, and right reason is no less a law unto Art. A true revival in the Arts is not the digging up of the ashes of saints and martyrs, but rather the exaltation of that humanity which now walks the earth. Conceded then, we think it must be, that the modern schools of Munich and of Düsseldorf do not breathe and move with true life restored; they are still shrouded in death.

We will now submit this modern German school to three distinct tests. We will venture to pass judgment on its merits and shortcomings, according to the relations in which it stands—1st, to historic precedent; 2nd, to spiritual intuition; 3rd, and last, to outward nature.

First, then, as to the right use, or perversion, of historic precedents. It is manifest that the artist, no less than the man of science—if at every step he be not doomed to make a new beginning—must be taught by experience, must be guided by the wisdom of his forefathers, must build on the foundations laid in former ages. Thus only can the Arts

and the Sciences become progressive. And this proposition which is true in the general, obtains peculiar cogency in epochs when the light of knowledge is darkened, and the Arts have fallen into decadence. Such was the condition of Germany, and, indeed, of Europe, when the painters of the new school sounded a revival. To the law and to the testimony was their watchword; that well-ordered law, that prescriptive beauty, that testimony to truth and to goodness which the artists of the middle ages having made steadfast, left as an heritage and ensample to all who should come after. Well was it when the world had been lost to the noble verities, for lack of which Art sinks into levity and debauch, that communion should again be opened with those earnest minds who painted what they believed and worshipped. Wise was it when the body and the very soul of Art lay destitute, that food should be begged and raiment borrowed. Life thus might be refreshed, and health restored. Such, indeed, was the revival for which the artists of Düsseldorf and of Munich have merited the thanks of mankind. Would, however, we could add, that this revival, passing from early years of tutelage, had gained the strength of manhood, and the liberty which comes of mature knowledge. Would that we could say that the faith which had at first sustained the zealots was at length delivered from superstition, or that the obedience, seemly in the neophyte, had in after years assumed a self-reliant independence. Near, indeed, were these men, as they stood at the narrow gate of the middle ages; very near were they to the universal truth and beauty which stretch into all time. Yet to them was denied an entrance, save to the outer court. And the judgment of history, the verdict passed even by the mediæval painters on their devout imitators, could it now be heard, is this: "We artists of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Bartolomeo, Francia, and Perugino, were men like unto you; we, as other mortals, have been weak and wanting in knowledge, and many were the errors into which we fell, lacking the looked-for light. Yet light and truth, so far as seen in the darkness, we strove to reflect, though dimly. You men of a distant age and clime, born in a brighter day, follow that light, and serve that truth. Worship not the past, but work in the present and for the future; revolve not as satellites of borrowed lustre, when you may shine as systems in a clearer sky."

Secondly, let us regard the new school as the outcoming of spiritual intuition. We choose the word intuition, and not inspiration. Inspiration of genius is a term used for the most part as a metaphor. Every good gift and every perfect work are indeed from above, and an artist like Overbeck, who has dedicated his life to watching and prayer, doubtless finds occasion to offer thanks to the Father of Lights, for every form of beauty that comes upon his canvas. I cherish the belief that the spiritual artist in all ages, even as the devout writer or preacher, is not left solely to his wayward fancies, but surely finds higher guidance, that, with gushings from deep wells of thought, mingle floods from the fountain whence all blessings flow. For obvious reasons the word inspiration I do not venture to use; yet not the less would I claim for Overbeck and his school, gifts which are not wholly within the power of man. Beyond this general confession of faith it is not fitting that I should now go.

We will pass, then, to the directly natural outpouring in pictorial form of those higher intuitions which, belonging to all men, are specially the endowments of the sensitive and spiritual artist. The metaphysics of

mind, and equally the philosophy of Art, are divided between two schools, the outward and the material, which takes in knowledge through the door of the senses; and its opposite, the inward and the ideal, which discovers pure reason, and essential beauty and truth, flowing from the living springs of the soul. We need scarcely say that a complete philosophy of Art must unite the outward form and the inward thought, as body and spirit, into one personality. It becomes, however, interesting to watch, as in the works of Fra Angelico and Overbeck, the one-sided manifestations which arise from a partial creed. These men, as we shall immediately proceed to show in the concluding division of this analysis, ignored, as far as possible, the material and naturalistic elements of their art. And therein have they suffered loss. But, on the other hand, they have exalted, beyond the example of all other painters, spiritual intuition as a creative power, and this their holy endeavour has, I believe, not been without reward. It is with me a firm conviction that every inward idea, vivid and vital, already has created, or hereafter may fashion for itself, not indeed an identical, but a correlative form in the outward and material world. The covering which we call the body, is as the thin drapery which falls over the lineaments of an ancient marble, modulated to the articulations lying beneath, seeming to move with the respiring breath of life, revealing the beauty which it but partly veils. Such is the correspondence between inward thought and outward form; between creative idea and covering substance; between the invisible life or essence that we call soul, and the grosser reality which we term body:

"Sudden arose
Janthe's soul: it stood
All beautiful in naked purity,
The perfect semblance of its bodily frame.

Upon the couch the body lay,
Wrapped in the depth of slumber:

"Twas a sight
Of wonder to behold the body and soul.
The self-same lineaments, the same
Marks of identity were there;
Yet, oh how different! One aspires to Heaven,
Pants for its sempiternal heritage,
And ever-changing, ever-rising still,
Wantons in endless being.
The other, for a time the unwilling sport
Of circumstance and passion, struggles on;
Fleets through its sad duration rapidly;
Then, like a useless and worn-out machine,
Rots, perishes, and passes."

A spiritual artist, however, of whom Fra Angelico and Overbeck are all but perfected types, is apt to look upon the body as an accident, the soul as the essence; or rather, to regard the body as shadow and reflection, the soul as the primal reality. Hence arise the virtue and also the frailty of this idealistic school. By painters of this class the body is represented as weak, neglected, even despised. But, as we have said, to minds thus subtly attempered, a recompense is given. Stealing away from the tumult of the world, these artists betake themselves to tranquil meditation. They are of the blessed order of quietists. "The painter," said the monk of Fiesole, "has need of quiet," and so these artists, possessing their souls in stillness, listen to the whispers of the inward voice, introvert the eye of the mind to gaze on consciousness, and then, turning vision upon open space, beauteous spirits are seen to float in coloured imagination across the twilight sky. The forms figured in this dreamland, we need scarcely say, are, for the most part, tainted with morbid idiosyncrasy. Monstrosities, indeed, may sometimes come at a preternatural birth.

For, thirdly, these artists of an inward quietism and spiritualism failed to think nobly of outward nature. It has been said,

and, in fact, I credit in great degree the assertion, that Overbeck, trusting to the forms revealed through intuition, has discarded the use of the living model. I need not say that no more fatal mistake could have been committed. Through want of constant and immediate access to nature, the works of these idealists became shadowy and cloudy, they lacked power and life, and, losing firm grasp of the actual, they lapsed into inanity. Moreover these spiritualists, in committing this practical blunder, fell necessarily at the same time the victims of a corresponding theoretic misconception. In the kingdom of Art, no schism should separate the spiritual from the natural. We have endeavoured to show that every idea points to and prefigures its correspondent body; and not less true is it that each outward form serves as the phonetic expression of an inner and latent conception. Between the macrocosm of the visible universe, and the microcosm of man's invisible mind, is an indissoluble union—a convergence of primal forces which the spiritual and transcendental artist should, above all men, strive to resolve into harmonies—like to that mystic hymn of cosmogony—the music of the spheres. But, throwing aside such metaphysical speculations, which lie, however, as the starting point not only of sound theory, but of correct practice, let us speak directly to the immediate point before us—the worthy treatment of a noble nature. In brief, nature is the way of Providence, the working of a wise Creator. And we are told, that when in the beginning the evening and the morning closed the sixth day, "God saw every thing that He had made, and, behold, it was very good." And though the mystery of evil has since come to mar the world, yet a remnant of the original beauty remains. The evening and the morning still tell us that goodness, and blessing, and peace are not departed. The flowers that brighten our fields blossom scarcely less joyfully than when they grew in Eden: the innocent smile of youth, and the stately brow of manhood, testify that a temple may lose a crowning arch, or be wanting in a pinnacle, and yet stand nobly, though in ruins. Such is the nature which the spiritual, yet creative, artist should, in perfect consonance with his purest aspirations, transcribe, study, and, if needs be, transform.

I have endeavoured to set forth the modern school of Germany, not in the sunshine of eulogy, but under the tempered light and shade of discriminative criticism. I feel that we owe to the works passed in review a debt of no ordinary gratitude. Forms so pure, visions so heavenly, should engrave upon the heart of hearts a love of the beautiful—an aspiration towards the good and the true. This must be our eulogy. And if criticism intrude to cool our ardour, take it not for cavil, but rather as a claim put in for something better yet to come. The mission of the highest Art remains to be accomplished. Overbeck and his school have attained unwonted heights, but truths more generic; a beauty more human, yet divine; a goodness less sectarian, because embracing the universal Church, are yet within the reach of the artist who shall reconcile the ideality of the inner life with the perfection of outward and natural form. Such a school, which is still the possibility and hope of the future, will realise the visions of our poetic intuitions, will restore, in some measure at least, for the delight of the eye and the consolation of fond desire, that world of beauty, which we are told was once created the home of man, and may yet, in the depths of a boundless space, be granted as his heritage.

SELECTED PICTURES.

THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF W. HOULDS-
WORTH, ESQ., HALIFAX.

THE CROSSING-SWEEPER.

W. P. Frith, R.A., Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

ONE or two centuries hence many of Mr. Frith's pictures will be referred to as illustrative examples of the people, manners, and customs of his time, and speaking more intelligibly than the most lucid descriptions of the historian, however comprehensive and faithful these may be. His scenes drawn from life are not Hogarthian, for he does not assume to be a moralist, and certainly is not a caricaturist. He is a student in the life-school of Nature, with his countrymen and women, of all ages and conditions, sitting as his models. His great works, 'The Sands at Ramsgate,' 'The Derby Day,' and 'The Railway Station,' show

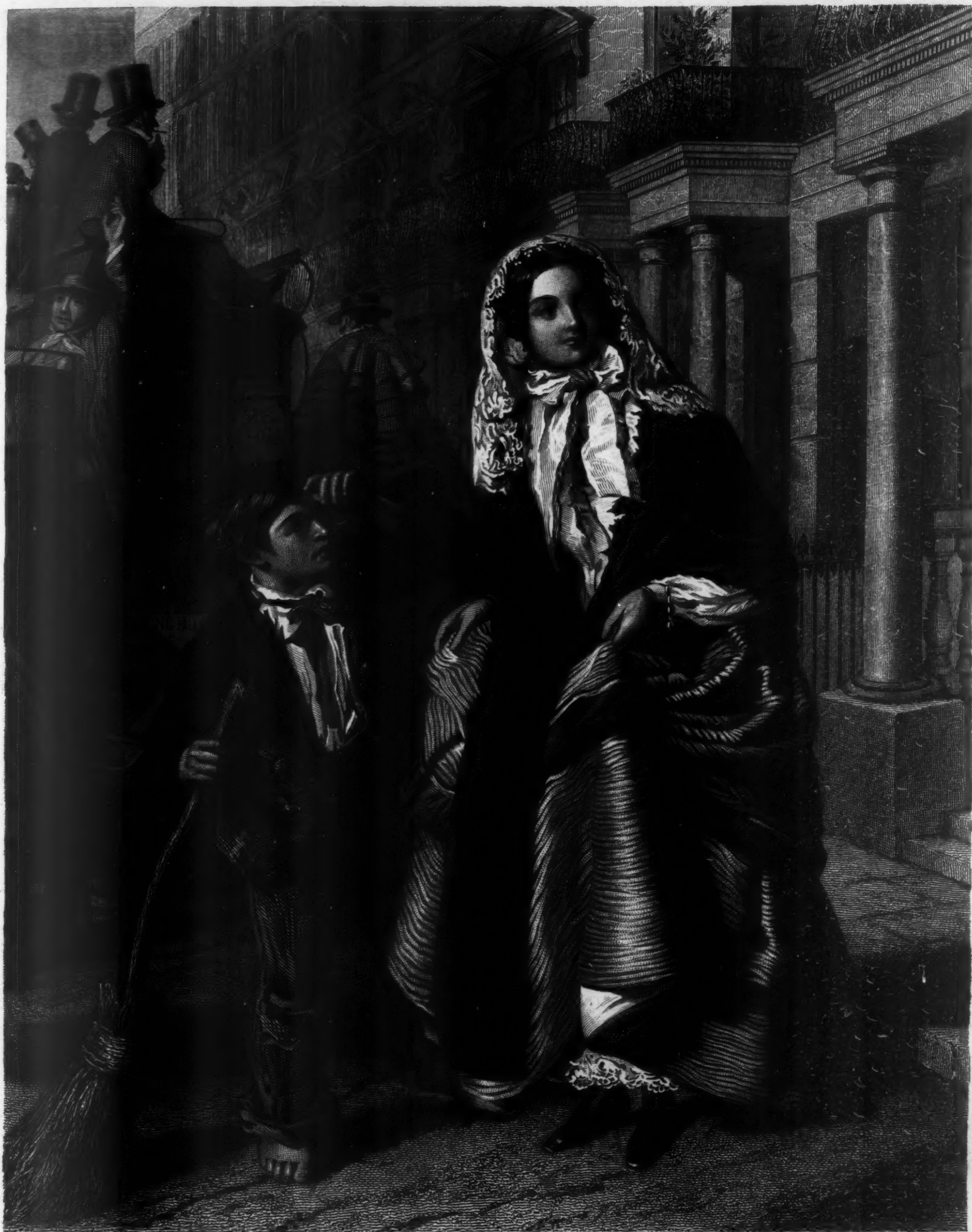
"The very age and body of the time,
Its form and features;"

while several of his smaller pictures, such as that before us, present little episodes, so to speak, in the social history of the middle of the nineteenth century; and what a history that is, when it descends into the lower depths of the community, is known only to those who have wandered through the regions of poverty, destitution, and crime, whence come the hundreds of juvenile Arabs who throng our streets, to earn a subsistence—honestly, when they can, and feel inclined; if not, by any means within reach. Busy enough in the daytime at any occupation they find, but in the night hiding wherever covering of any kind is to be met with; like the homeless one described by Mackay in a volume of poems just published:—

"Half-past three in the morning!
And no one in the street
But me, on the sheltering door-step,
Resting my weary feet:—
Watching the rain-drops patter
And dance where the puddles run,
As bright in the glaring gas-light
As dewdrops in the sun."

This struggle for existence in a vast city is a wonderful sharpener of the intellect. The shrewdness, and even the wit and humour, not unfrequently manifested by the young urchins who solicit our charity as we cross the road, or offer to call a cab, or to do any other act whereby they consider themselves entitled to a "copper," cannot escape the observation of any one who keeps his ears open, and by a little kindly notice affords opportunity for the display of untutored juvenile oratory. Rough and ragged as are the boys who are crossing-sweepers by profession, the majority of them rarely fall into the hands of the police for misdemeanours. They are of a different class from the pickpocket and vagrant classes who prowl about to make what prizes fall within their reach. A crossing in a great thoroughfare—or, as it is technically called by the fraternity, a "broom-walk"—is a lucrative post to hold. Some of our readers doubtless remember, as we do, a black man who for many years swept the roadway between the end of Fleet Street and the bottom of Ludgate Hill, known as "Waithman's Corner." This man left the whole of his property, amounting to several hundred pounds, to Miss Waithman, the daughter of the alderman, whose shop was close by, because the lady never omitted to drop a halfpenny in his cap when she passed him.

Mr. Frith's 'Crossing-sweeper' has a face somewhat above the fraternity of St. Giles's; it is bright and intelligent, showing material which would work well in the hands of the schoolmaster, and which, properly employed, would turn out advantageously. If the fair lady would only condescend to turn her glance on him, she could not resist his earnest appeal; but she is evidently measuring her distance as regards the approach of some vehicle. The picture is painted with the artist's usual care and brilliancy of colour. It is a gem in the small but well-selected collection of the gentleman to whom we are indebted for permission to engrave it.



W.P. FRITH. R.A. PINXT

C.W. SHARPE. SCULPT

THE CROSSING SWEEPER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF W. HOULDSWORTH, ESQ: HALIFAX.

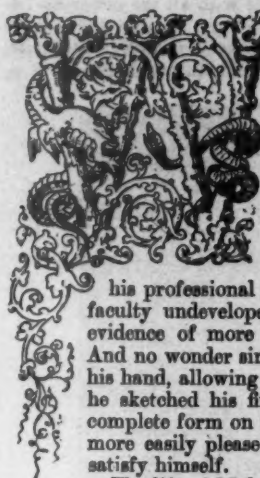
LONDON. JAMES S. VIRTUE.



BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LXX.—WILLIAM MULREADY, R.A.



WILLIAM MULREADY began life as an Art-student; all through his career—that is, for a period extending over sixty years—he confessed himself still a learner; and when death called him somewhat suddenly from his easel, only a few months ago, he felt that he had not even then done all which Art was capable of achieving, though every one else was convinced that he had long since accomplished the end. This was the great secret of his unvarying success—his motto was “progression;” and year after year, even to the closing act of

his professional life, one could always detect in his works some faculty undeveloped before, some new point of excellence, some evidence of more matured powers of thought or of execution. And no wonder since he caused his pictures to grow slowly under his hand, allowing sometimes years to elapse from the time when he sketched his first ideas on the canvas till they appeared in a complete form on the wall of the exhibition room; he could much more easily please the public, and even the critics, than he could satisfy himself.

The life of Mulready is coeval with three generations. He came to England from Ireland about the year 1790, and was introduced to Banks the sculptor, who took him into his studio and set him to work at drawings from his casts. At the age of fourteen he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, and shortly afterwards gained the silver

palette in the Society of Arts' competition. During some few years he earned his living as a teacher of drawing and by making designs for illustrated books, published by William Godwin. His earliest paintings were attempts at the grand style—‘Ulysses and Polyphemus,’ a subject which his contemporary Turner subsequently rendered with such poetical imagination; and ‘The Disobedient Prophet,’ the subject of one of Linnell's greatest works. These pictures failing in success, Mulready turned his attention to landscape and cottage scenes with figures, his first work exhibited at the Academy being ‘A Cottage at Knaresborough,’ in 1804. From the year just mentioned till about 1813 his pictures were of a miscellaneous kind, landscapes, interiors, and “still life” alternating with each other.

It is not, however, to be supposed that by this desultory kind of work Mulready was experimentalising on the taste of the public, nor that he was uncertain in his own mind in what direction his genius would ultimately lead him; he was quietly biding his time, and studying the works of some of the old Dutch masters, Jan Steen and Teniers. Occasionally during his earlier practice he had produced a few figure subjects, ‘The Rattle,’ in 1806, and ‘Returning from the Alehouse,’ in 1809. But in 1813 he sent to the Academy ‘Boys Playing at Cricket,’ painted three years previously, and the first of that series of characteristic pictures which have ever since been associated with his name. It is grey-headed men only who can recollect the first appearance of ‘Punch,’ in 1813, of ‘Idle Boys,’ in 1815, of ‘The Fight Interrupted,’ in 1816, and of ‘Lending a Bite,’ in 1819.

Following these came at intervals ‘The Wolf and the Lamb,’ ‘The Careless Messenger,’ ‘The Travelling Druggist,’ ‘The Origin of a Painter,’ ‘Boys Firing a Cannon,’ ‘Returning from the Hustings,’ ‘A Sailing Match,’—a duplicate of this picture was painted for Mr. Sheepshanks.—‘The Forgotten Word,’ ‘The First Voyage,’—sold last year with the Allnutt collection for 1,450 gs.—‘Giving a Bite,’ ‘The Last In,’ ‘Bob Cherry,’ ‘Fair Time,’ ‘The Ford,’—all these in the Vernon collection,—‘Choosing the Wedding Gown,’ ‘Burchell and Sophia,’ ‘The Butt,’ with several others of subjects differing somewhat from these.

Omitting all allusion to the subject-matter of these pictures, there is



Engraved by]

THE CONVALESCENT FROM WATERLOO.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

nothing in the whole range of Dutch or Flemish art that can be brought into comparison with most of them for truth of drawing, elaborate finish, and splendour of colouring; it has been well said that, “as a painter, Mulready's art is perfection;” by intense study, and by the display of con-

summate technical powers, he triumphed over all the greatest difficulties of his art. And if we look beyond the mere externals, so to speak, of his paintings, into the materials of which the several subjects are composed, what evidence we find of his intimate acquaintance with the heart and

mind, how much of humour, and, not unfrequently, of pathos too! His earlier works do not reach that richness and beauty of colour seen in his later, but even in those he attained a far higher degree of brilliancy than Wilkie ever did. Note, too, the refined character of his faces, the simple unaffected sweetness of his village girls, the wholesome, fresh, and unvulgarised countenances of his village urchins; there is no sentimental prettiness in the former, nothing mean and low in the latter; stolid and clownish some of these may be, and are required to be, to support the characters assigned to them, but they are not debased in expression, not caricatured to give point to the idea they are intended to convey; it is here we discover Mulready's gentle dealing with the infirmities of human nature,

and the reflection of his own cheerful spirit and rightly-directed mind. He was a lover of his species, and would not hold even the youngsters up to ridicule, though he set forth their humours, both good and evil.

In the work of producing he commenced and continued throughout on the surest and only sound principles; he studied everything well beforehand, and made very careful drawings of all—even to the most insignificant object to be introduced into the picture. Thus the entire composition was not only preconceived, but he surrounded himself with all the materials he intended to employ in it. And yet with this attention to minutiae and to extreme finish—for even the "studies" were completed drawings—there is no evidence in any of Mulready's works of Pre-Raphaelite elaboration.



Engraved by]

LENDING A BITE.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Each of the three pictures we introduce as examples of his pictures may be said to represent a class of his figure-subjects; the landscapes proper are so few, and of such early date, that they are comparatively forgotten when one speaks of Mulready's productions. 'THE CONVALESCENT FROM WATERLOO,' exhibited in 1822, partakes of the character of a landscape, but its interest rests mainly on the figures. The soldier has been permitted to leave the military hospital, and to take an airing on the wide beach in front of it; seated on a log of wood, his wife and children have joined him; while the youngsters amuse themselves, their elders are engaged in conversation; the spirit of the story is well sustained, and with considerable pathos, but the canvas is too large for the subject; the picture looks poor,

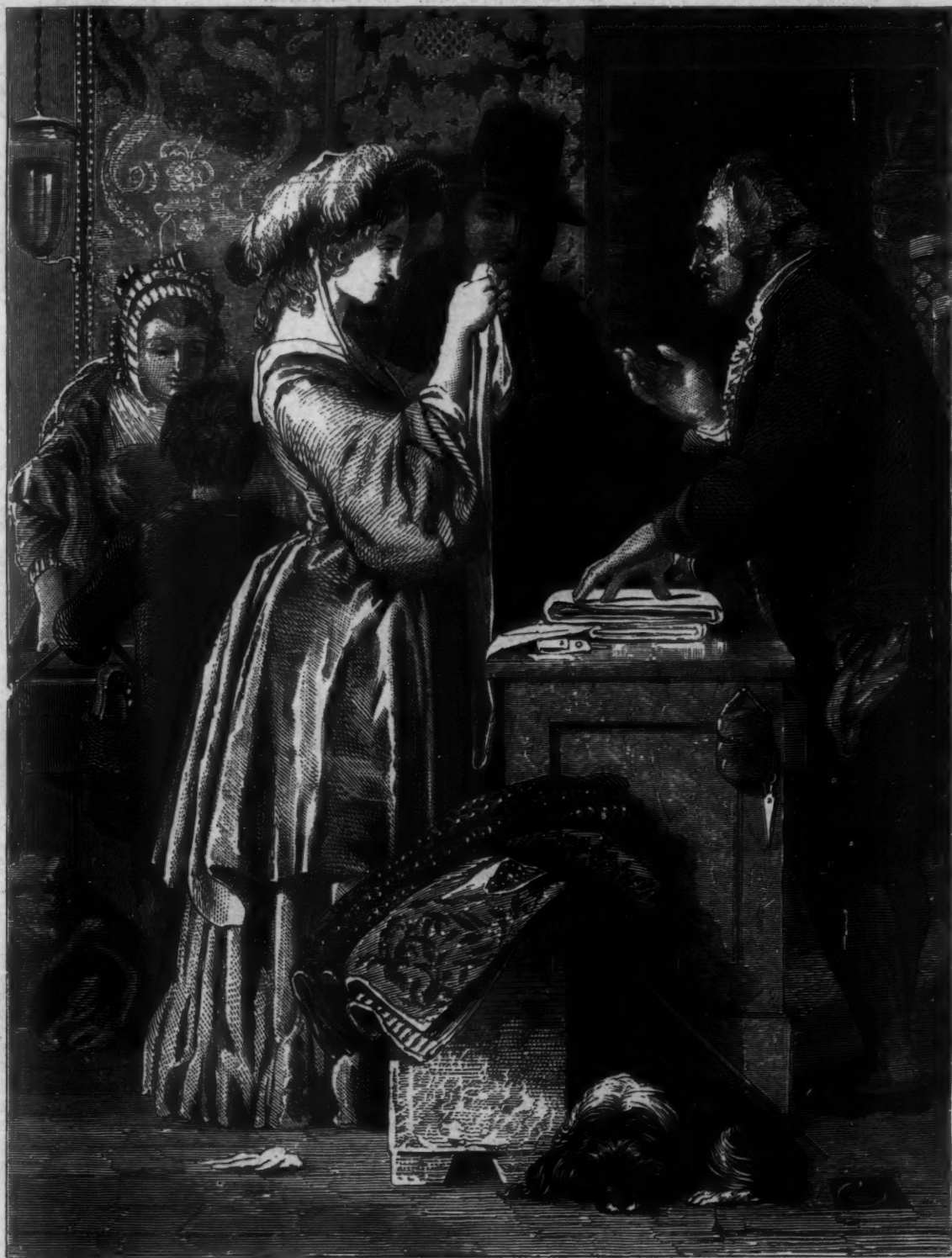
simply because there is nothing in it to occupy a prominent position in comparison with the extent of surface covered. Reduced to the scale of our woodcut, this defect is no longer manifest.

'LENDING A BITE,' exhibited in 1836, belongs to the humorous class of subjects, that class which forms the majority of Mulready's best-known works. A marvellous faculty he had for developing character in rustic juveniles, and bringing it out in all its varied truthful aspects. Look at the boy who is owner of the apple; he is evidently not large-hearted; awed, in all probability, by the threats of the bigger and stronger boy, he allows him to take a "bite," yet how tenaciously he holds the apple in his two hands, his thumbs just indicating the portion to be absorbed, certainly not

as a free-will offering; his elbows are placed close to his side, the better to resist any attempt to get beyond the limits of his assigned generosity; he shrinks from the attack of the devourer on his property, and his countenance is marked by misgivings and apprehension. The boy who has extorted the unwilling favour is a hungry-looking fellow, his mouth is opened widely, and we may be sure he will make the most of the opportunity. The young girl with the sleepy child looks on to see the result of the operation, and will, doubtless, have something to joke the donor about when it is ended. A kind of repetition of the incident, reversed, appears in the Savoyard's monkey and the rustic's dog; the latter looks at the ape as if he contemplated giving it a bite, and the little animal shrinks back in

terror between the knees of his master, who, like the girl, takes no small interest in the fate of the apple.

As an example of Mulready's strictly domestic pictures, 'CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN,' exhibited in 1846, is admirable; as a specimen of brilliant colouring it is superlatively excellent, nothing in modern Art—it may be said in the Art of any age, in this class of subject—has surpassed or even equalled it. This splendour is not reached by the free use of positive colour, but by the most subtle and delicate application of tints, both in the lights and shades, worked up from the lowest to the highest scale, and culminating in pure red, ultramarine, &c., and all presenting the most perfect harmony because founded and carried through on well-understood



Engraved by]

CHOOSING THE WEDDING GOWN.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

and immutable laws. Then look at the composition; mark the arrangement of the two principal figures; how easily and naturally they are placed, and how carefully both attitude and action have been studied to preserve a right balance as well as to support the subject. The extended hand of the silk-mercator, for example, was a necessity to fill up a space which would otherwise have been vacant; it serves as a counterpoise to the uplifted hands of the lady, and it marks the impressiveness with which the shop-keeper commends his goods. And, lastly, notice the beauty of the fair purchaser's face—the future Mrs. Primrose—and with what earnestness she examines the piece of rich stuff; the kindly solicitude of her affianced

husband, the worthy doctor; and the persuasiveness of the bland and smiling mercer. In the background is his wife attending to a customer; the artist has bestowed no less pains on the good dame than on the other and more prominent persons in the composition. In fact, whether we look for colour, form, expression, or design, we see each and all exhibited in the most attractive, powerful, and recondite manner.

In Mulready's life and works are materials to fill a volume; whenever and by whomsoever such may be written, it will be no easy task to do full justice to the genius and skill which characterised the practice of his art.

JAMES DAFFORNE.



MARCH.

| | | |
|----|-----|--|
| 1 | Tu. | <i>St. David's Day.</i> Moon's Last Quarter. |
| 2 | W. | Society of Arts. Meeting. [1h. 11m. P.M.] |
| 3 | Th. | Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society |
| 4 | F. | [for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.] |
| 5 | S. | |
| 6 | S. | <i>Fourth Sunday in Lent.</i> [Special Meet.] |
| 7 | M. | Lect. on Sculpt. at R. A. In. of Brit. Arch. |
| 8 | Tu. | New Moon. 3h. 50m. A.M. |
| 9 | W. | Society of Arts. Meeting. |
| 10 | Th. | Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society |
| 11 | F. | [for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.] |
| 12 | S. | |
| 13 | S. | <i>Fifth Sunday in Lent.</i> [Brit. Arch. Meet.] |
| 14 | M. | Lecture on Sculpture at R. A. Institute of |



| | | |
|----|-----|--|
| 15 | Tu. | Moon's First Quarter. 0h. 7m. A.M. |
| 16 | W. | Society of Arts. Meeting. |
| 17 | Th. | Society of Antiquaries. Meeting. Society |
| 18 | F. | [for Encouragement of Art. Lecture.] |
| 19 | S. | |
| 20 | S. | <i>Palm Sunday.</i> |
| 21 | M. | Lecture on Sculpture at R. A. |
| 22 | Tu. | [Moon. 2h. 24m. A.M.] |
| 23 | W. | National Gallery founded, 1824. Full |
| 24 | Th. | [Friday.] |
| 25 | F. | <i>Lady Day. The Annunciation.</i> Good |
| 26 | S. | |
| 27 | S. | <i>Easter Day.</i> |
| 28 | M. | |
| 29 | Tu. | Society of Arts. Annual General Meeting. |
| 30 | W. | Moon's Last Quarter. 10h. 19m. P.M. |
| 31 | Th. | Artists' and Amateurs' Conversations. |



Designed by W. Harvey.]

[Engraved by Dalziel Brothers.

ART-WORK IN MARCH.

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., &c.

As February is, *par excellence*, the month of moisture, so is March the month of storm. Well may this month be dedicated to the god of battle, for in it the elements are ever at war; and, according to the ancient mythologies, Æolus and Neptune are at feud with each other, the former drying up the moisture, and the latter endeavouring to replace it. Most names of this month bear reference to its windy nature, and even in the old Saxon times our ancestors called it by the name of Hlyd month, *i.e.* noisy month.

Therefore, just as in February the artist may look out for effects of fog and moisture, so in March he may expect plenty of practice in storms. Certainly if, in the present month, we are to have a stormier time than in November of the last year, any artist who can manage to anchor himself firmly to the ground, to preserve his hair on his head, and hold a pencil and paper sufficiently deftly to make a sketch, will have such an opportunity as he may seek again in vain, and ought to store his sketch-book with memoranda for a lifetime. But if an artist really wishes to learn the appearance of wind, let him take to the sea for a while, and charge himself with the responsibility of conducting a vessel from one port to another. He will soon learn to distinguish wind in the distance, to know the meaning of ragged-edged clouds, of heavy, lurid haze, and of patchy skies, as if a sponge had been dipped into Indian ink, and dabbed at random over very white paper. A few days of such experience will teach what wind really is, and will effectually cure the artist of the conventional action of wind, *i.e.* black streaks, and everything blowing in one direction.

Shelter from the wind is sought by most creatures, and affords many a picturesque sketch, whether the shelter be needed by man or beast; and from Paul and Virginia shielding their infant heads under the same palm-leaf, to the raggedest old pony standing with its tail against a tree trunk, the pictorial effect is strongly developed, both in the storm and in those who endeavour to escape from its power.

The strangely picturesque contrast of storm and shelter struck me very forcibly during a long walk in search of fern. My companion and myself were skirting the sea-wall, when we looked behind us, startled by approaching and untimely gloom, and saw the whole sky covered with blackness. Torrents of rain were falling, and the tempest was rapidly sweeping towards us. The sea-wall was no defence, for the storm was moving in the same line, and already the cold wind swept our temples, and the first drops of rain fell as harbingers of the coming deluge. No shelter was near, and no time was to be lost. We hastened down the sea-wall, leaped the small stream that ran at its base, and separated it from a field of newly-cut beans. Hastily covering the guns with haulm, we gathered together the bean-stalks in bundles, piled them, fascine fashion, into a low redoubt, of a half-moon shape, and gathered ourselves under its lee, just as the storm burst over the spot in its full force. In vain did the wind blow and the rain fall, for that insignificant little heap of bean-stalks was an effectual defence, and we sat there for an hour or so, until the fury of the storm had passed away.

When the rain no longer fell, I emerged from the bean-stalks, in order to see whether the whole of the storm had gone by, and, on returning, I was greatly struck with the pic-

turesque aspect of our extemporised shelter; the black, driving clouds overhead, and in the distance, with a gleam of light occasionally shining through a break in them; the white-winged sea-birds wheeling on steady pinions, and shining out against the dark sky; the rain-drenched field, and the little redoubt, in which sat my companion gathered up into the smallest imaginable compass, looking the very picture of comfort, and affording a notable contrast to the surrounding desolation.

In this month the heavens are peculiarly beautiful, and are more than usually worthy of examination by artists who wish to paint nature as she really is, and not as she is conventionally supposed to be. Just as naturalists are offended by sundry Art solecisms, which have already been noticed, so are astronomical spectators sorely grieved when they see sundry well-known night-scenes painted by eminent artists.

Sometimes the stars are scattered broadcast over the sky, as if they had been shaken out of a pepper-box, and sometimes they are arranged in the semblance of certain well-known constellations, without the least regard to the time of year or hour of night. Orion, for example, which is so magnificently splendid in the present month, is a mighty favourite among artists—it is so easy to draw that no one can mistake it, and so it finds its way into pictures representing night scenes in summer as well as in winter. Now to put Orion into a summer sky is as absurd an error as to put roses into a winter scene, or snowdrops into an autumnal landscape.

Even the position of the constellations is as important as their visibility, and in nothing do artists fail so grievously as in the position of the Great Bear himself. Forgetful that he is the clock of the heavens, and that his tail is a truer index to time than the hands of the best chronometer ever fashioned by the fingers of man, almost all painters systematically neglect sidereal time, as told by Ursa Major and his companion stars, and commit as absurd an error as if they represented the hands of a clock pointing to one hour when the subject of the painting required another. It is surely better to be right than wrong, especially when to be right is so very easy. Any celestial globe will furnish the needful information, and even a common planisphere will save the artist from falling into many errors.

I will just mention the state of the heavens for the present month, taking the average of time, namely, 10 P.M. on the 15th of March. The planets are intentionally omitted as belonging to the current year, and not to immutable sidereal time, and it is presumed that the artist knows the chief stars and constellations by sight. The Great Bear will be just overhead, his tail pointing nearly due east. Vega, that most brilliant star, is just in the north-eastern horizon; and nearly in the northern horizon is seen the equally beautiful Deneb, known by the three small stars in a line below it, thus, . . . Cassiopeia is overhead, to the northwards; Capella blazes westward, and Arcturus eastward. Orion is just about to sink beneath the western horizon, and to take with him his two dogs—Sirius tied by a line running through his belt, and Procyon led in his right hand. The line of the ecliptic may be traced by the zodiacal signs upon it. There are the Scales just rising in the east, Virgo with the brilliant star in her left hand, the Lion, the Crab, and the Twins; the Bull, notable for Aldebaran, the ruddy star that does duty for his eye; and the Ram sinking in the west, with his two starry horns just visible above the horizon. The line of the equator may be equally traced, because it passes through

the upper part of Orion's belt, runs below Procyon, cuts the ecliptic in the left shoulder of Virgo, passes above the star in her hand, and disappears through the Scales below the eastern horizon.

As to the moon, nothing is rarer than to see her properly depicted, and yet nothing is easier. Any almanac will give her place in the sky, and if the draughtsman will only remember that the fullest part of the moon points towards the sun, he will not commit the frequent error of making an evening moon point eastward, a morning moon westward, or place her casually in the sky without reference to her place in the heavens or her relation to the sun. I do believe that some painters would, with perfect composure, place their moon under the tail of the Great Bear, and that ninety-nine of every hundred spectators would go away without detecting the error.

During the first ten or fifteen days of this month occurs the curious phenomenon called the zodiacal light, a great cone of white light, more or less vivid, rising out of the horizon just after twilight, and pointing upwards in a slanting direction towards the Pleiades, which it mostly reaches, and sometimes covers entirely. At this time of the year the zodiacal light is most brilliant immediately after sunset, but after the autumnal equinox it is best seen just before sunrise.

Descending again to earth, we may see the sower at work in the fields, casting the grain with that mechanical swing of the arm so difficult of accomplishment and so fatiguing to the labourer. Let him be sketched while there is yet time, for the sower will soon pass out of the land, and one of the most beautiful parables loses its significance with us. The time is fast approaching when the wasteful though picturesque method of broadcast sowing will be finally discontinued, for not only have experimental farmers discovered that nine-tenths of the seed-corn may be saved, but that a heavier crop is produced by the remaining tenth. Let it be remembered that a sower casts the seed with the whole force of his body, bringing himself round at every stride with a swing, and casting the corn with a peculiar jerk. On no pretence let him be drawn, as I have seen him, walking very upright, very slowly, on perfectly smooth ground, and crumbling the corn out of both his clenched fists as if he had a handful of peas which he could not hold.

Now the trees begin fairly to show that spring is at hand. With the exception of the oak and one or two others, their swelling buds have burst open, and the tender green leaves begin to show their pointed heads. In this month the woodman exercises his craft, and the picturesque scenes which always accompany him may form subjects for many a sketch. To my own mind a man engaged in felling a noble tree is an object of peculiar detestation, though he may be a very estimable person, and employed on a necessary and useful task; and every blow of his axe jars on my feelings as if the tree were a living and sensitive being. Still the scene is always picturesque, and many an artist has taken advantage of it to depict the swarthy woodmen wielding their axes, the fallen trees lying around, the stripped bark, and the busy crew who aid the chief operators.

Yet, too many of the pictures that might be made so beautiful are totally marred to the eye of practical observers by the absurd errors in detail that are committed. I have now before me an admirable drawing—as a drawing—by one of our best landscape artists, which is quite spoiled by the technical errors that are committed. If the result had been to increase the pictorial effect, the artist might readily

have been excused, if not praised, for departure from absolute exactness, just as a well-known critic recommends artists to shift the spires and towers of cities, without the least regard to their true relative positions. But, as the effect would have been greatly heightened by the introduction of omitted and necessary details, and the amendment of so many points in the drawing, no such excuses can be permitted.

The axe which the man is swinging is such an axe as no woodman ever employed. It might do for a battle-axe or for a headman's axe, but not for the forester's axe. It might chop meat or slice turnips, but it would not be as effective in cutting down trees as a cleaver or a bill-hook. The cut that has been made is one that no axe forged by mortal hands could have achieved, unless the tree trunk were as soft as a tallow candle, and the axe as large as a modern card table. Even then, the weapon must have been shot horizontally from some machine so as to make the remarkable cut which is depicted.

There are no ropes or other means of guiding the tree in its fall, and one of the woodmen has carefully placed himself exactly on the spot where he is sure to be crushed by the tree when it comes down. I do not disparage the drawing,—I wish that I could produce a sketch with one hundredth part of its merit,—but I do wish that the artist had gone to look at the scene before he depicted it. Instead, he has evidently selected a "bit" out of his sketch-book, and then drawn some men engaged in cutting down one of the trees after the manner which he, the artist, would have employed, had the task been entrusted to him.

Yet, where could have been found a more picturesque and stirring scene than in the real business of tree felling? There stands the "ganger," anxiously watching the operation and directing the men by voice and gesture. There are the herculean labourers with the ropes, ready to haul or loosen as the order is given. At the foot of the tree stands the skilful woodman, to whom is entrusted the responsible task of making the last decisive cuts with axe or saw, and at a respectful distance are gathered the men, women, and children who will be soon at work on the fallen giant of the woods.

I hope that my very good friends the artists will excuse me also for mentioning, that in depicting sporting subjects, some little knowledge of sport is requisite for a good picture. Guns cannot now-a-days shoot round corners, and therefore ought to point towards the bird that has been struck with the shot. Also, some conception of the shape of the stock is advisable, together with a knowledge of the fact that the proper way of taking aim is to look along the barrel. In one drawing now before me, the gun is not only furnished with a stock like that of an ancient harquebus, but is absolutely held to the shoulder with the wrong side uppermost! So with the dogs. A French artist lately drew on himself much British contumely by depicting a sportsman employing greyhounds in the light of retrievers; but there is many an English drawing, especially in the illustrated journals, where errors quite as absurd are committed.

Therefore, though hunting is not quite over, although woodcocks still linger, and may be, though they ought not to be, shot, let not the artist attempt to depict such scenes without having taken a part in them. Looking at them is of comparatively little use, and if an inexperienced draughtsman tries to draw even an angler engaged in his favourite pursuit, he is sure to commit some fatal mistake that betrays him at once to a spectator who has known the delights of hooking and landing his fish. As to salmon

fishing, woe betide the too ambitious artist who tries his hand at such a scene!

The wild flowers which belong to the month are but few. Snowdrops still hold their own, and primroses are seen in sunny places. The golden yellow flowers of the colt's-foot are now plentiful, directing the rustic to the spot whence he may obtain medicine for his cough or mixture for his tobacco. Another yellow flower is the lesser celandine, so like the buttercup, and so plentiful in shady places, while the speedwells spread their delicate little blossoms where they are cherished by the sun of spring, and the white petals of the exquisite little wood anemone glitter among their pale green leaves.

THE INFANT MOSES.

FROM THE GROUP BY R. E. SPENCE.

THIS very striking group of sculpture is in the possession of, if it was not actually executed for, Mr. J. Naylor, of Birmingham, a liberal patron of British Art. It was among the works of a similar kind contributed to the recent International Exhibition.

The sculptor, Mr. Spence, is one of those English artists who have chosen to make Rome their residence; and certainly we must admit that the famous city possesses great attractions for any who make this art a profession, far greater even than for the painter, the finest examples for study being in much larger proportion for the former than the latter. Rome is, in truth, the grand focus of sculptured Art, the school to which every sculptor turns, whether or not he is able to derive personal advantage from it.

We have often had occasion to remark that the pages of sacred history are as rich in themes suited to the pencil and the chisel as those of secular history or of fiction; they only require to be looked after, but the search will amply repay the labour of investigation. Mr. Spence has found one in the narrative which describes the finding of the infant Moses:—

"And the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river; and her maidens walked along by the river's side: and when she saw the ark among the flags, she sent her maid to fetch it."

"And when she had opened it, she saw the child: and, behold, the babe wept. And she had compassion on him, and said, This is one of the Hebrews' children."

The subject admits of, if it does not actually demand, more of pictorial than statuesque rendering, and it is in this feeling the sculptor has rendered it. Were the design painted on canvas, it would be quite as effective as it is presented to us in marble. Pharaoh's daughter is a right royal impersonation, and her companion one worthy of associating with a princess sprung from the most powerful monarch on earth. As they stand side by side, contemplating the helpless infant snatched from the waters of the Nile, their attitude and expression are very beautiful. Little do they dream that in future years the unknown foundling should be the great scourge of Egypt, and shake the throne of its monarch to the centre. These two figures, in their rich and ample dresses, their ornamental head-dresses, &c., have all the picturesque character to which allusion has just been made.

He would have proved a bold sculptor who, a few years ago, might have dared to introduce into any work a type of the negro race, so opposed as such a figure is to all admitted laws of æsthetic beauty. We have one here, however, a veritable specimen of the African tribes, but with a pleasing cast of countenance, heightened by the feelings natural to the sex—for there is no difference between white and black under such circumstances as are presented in this incident—of participating in an act of mercy to the young and destitute. The bondswoman kneels before her royal mistress with an earnest beseeching look that would move to a deed of humanity even were there no spontaneous suggestion in the heart of the latter to prompt it.

ON THE ARTS EMPLOYED

IN PRODUCING

THE ESSENTIAL MATERIALS OF CLOTHING.

BY PROFESSOR ARCHER.

THE consideration of Art enters so little into the manufacture of modern European clothing, that the reader may well challenge the right of such a subject to appear in a work which is so faithfully and earnestly devoted to the fostering of the true and beautiful in Art. Nevertheless, it must be remembered, that the coverings of the human body have, both in savage and civilised life, given scope for the display of an amount of good taste in arrangement and design, which has been well worth the attention of the Art-student; besides this, there is much to be learned as to the history and manipulation of various materials used by man for his clothing, which cannot but be of value to those who would wish to have a more than superficial knowledge of the drapery they have to arrange, or the surfaces for which they have to design decorations. We cannot know too much of the things we are daily called upon to handle, hence an article on the history of textile materials and manufactures may, after all, be not out of place in *The Art-Journal*.

It offers a curious and interesting field for inquiry, to look back and examine the habiliments of the earliest of our race—to learn of what our progenitors made their garments, and, as far as possible, how they fashioned them; nor are the materials for such inquiry so meagre, or difficult of access, as might be expected, for man's attention has been rather concentrated upon a few of the materials in the vast storehouse of nature, than inclined to frequent change. Thus we find that wool, flax, cotton, and silk are the materials of which we have the earliest mention in connection with clothing, and even now they are of all others the most important.

How it was that man should have discovered the remarkable qualities of these four substances is in itself most wonderful, for with all his skill and perseverance in investigation, no other materials yet discovered possess so eminently such perfect qualifications for the purposes of the weaver as these do. Indeed, it is fair to say, that man has made no advance in this direction for at least six thousand years.

If we start from the beginning of biblical history, we shall find the second man was a "keeper of sheep," and the inference is that he kept them as much for their fleeces as for their flesh; and with all our knowledge of natural history, we know of no animal which possesses, in such a remarkable degree, all the requisites of usefulness which are found in the common sheep. What it was before man domesticated it we know not, for we are not even certain that we know the real species from which our numerous domesticated varieties have sprung; but we may fairly judge, from what we do know, that it possessed a gentle, inoffensive disposition, which rendered its domestication easy, and the care necessary for its preservation and increase was comparatively slight; at present we know that in these respects it is superior to every other known animal. Then, whether we regard its woolly covering as a fur to be used on the skin, or as a material to be spun, it is first in adaptability for these purposes. The close warm wool, and the soft pliable felt or skin, adapt it remarkably for the dress of semi-barbarous people, unskilled in the arts of tanning or of spinning, whilst the peculiar structure of the wool itself places it



THE VIRGIN MARY
WITH THE CHRIST CHILD
AND A KNEELING FIGURE



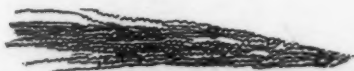
THE INFANT MOSES.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE GROUP BY B. E. SPENCE.

first in the list of materials for spinning and weaving. It may be well at this point to examine what these qualities are, in order that, from the first, this wonderful adaptability may be fully appreciated.

If we examine an individual fibre of sheep's wool by the aid of the microscope, we shall find that it is a solid column, consisting of an external hard sheath, and an interior pith or pulp; in this it exactly resembles all other kinds of hair, and so also it does in its chemical constitution. But the fibres of hair are usually quite straight, or if not, are curved in large curls, and the surface of individual hairs is smooth; but a simple examination of a lock of wool shows that each fibre is finely waved, as in Fig. 1, and a microscopic examination, properly conducted, shows that the surface is not smooth, but is covered with little scales, overlapping each other like those on a fish's skin, and, like them, capable of being partly separated by bending; this is shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4, the first of which represents a microscopic view of sheep's wool seen as a transparent object, the second as an opaque object, and the third shows how the scales are raised from the surface, when any bending of the fibre takes place. In fine wools there are from twenty to thirty curves, as in Fig. 1, to the inch of fibre, and as many

fig 1



as 2,500 to 3,000 of the little scales shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4, in the same length. Minute as these characters are, it is upon their exist-



fig 2

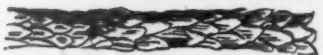


fig 3



fig 4

ence that the enormous importance of this material depends. But how, without the aid of the wonderfully perfect optical instruments required to reveal these things to us, did the men of the primeval world learn, that of all the beasts of the field, the sheep possessed the best wool for clothing, as well as the most wholesome flesh for food? This is indeed a mystery, the solution of which is lost beyond the horizon of time.

The value of the minute characters just described arises from the fact that a certain irregularity of surface is necessary in fibres used for spinning, because otherwise they will not adhere to each other, but like the smooth hairs of our own heads, will untwist; but as in combing, carding, and spinning, the waved and scaly fibres of wool get laid, some in one direction and some in another, the scales become interlocked, and cannot be disentangled; hence, with proper management, we can work a quantity of wool into a compact cloth or felt, without weaving, and the art of making felt cloths was very early known to man.

It must not be assumed that the sheep is the only animal having wool; but, with very few exceptions, it has the largest proportion, other wool-bearing animals having a considerable quantity of hair mingled with their wool. The beautiful alpacas offer some apparent contradiction to this; but soft as their exquisite covering is, it partakes partly of the

nature of hair as well as of wool, and will be further described when we come to treat of the beautiful fabrics made from it.

We have specified wool, flax, cotton, and silk as the four most important of clothing materials, and it is somewhat curious that for the most ancient history of each of these, we have to go to the writings of four distinct peoples: to the Hebrews for wool, the Egyptians for flax, the Hindoos for cotton, and the Chinese for silk; and the earliest mention we find of each indicates an earlier period still, for we read nothing of the domestication of sheep; our first introduction is to the domesticated animal, and experience has taught us that domestication requires considerable time. Every evidence seems to point to Western Asia as the birthplace of the pastoral art; Arabia, Persia, Palestine, Assyria, all were pastoral countries, and from amongst them doubtless proceeded those Shepherds who conquered Egypt, and were called, according to Manetho, "Hycsos," or Shepherd Kings—"Hyk" signifying a king, and "Sos" a shepherd.

The pastoral life of the Hebrews is familiar to all; every child is made acquainted with the flocks of Laban and of Jacob; from first to last the Bible is the history of a pastoral people, who, whether wandering or settled, evidently held the care of sheep as one of their chief occupations. Nor was this habit peculiar to the Hebrews—most of the nations surrounding them were similarly employed. Circassia, 600 years B.C., was not only famous for its flocks, but also for its manufactures of wool; the carpets of Miletus, and the woollen shawls of the Coraxi, were sold in the markets of Dioscurias, and tempted merchants from all parts of the then known world. The shawls of the Coraxi were then as celebrated as those of Kashmir in the present day, and our English word *shawl* is derived from the word *shal*, which was the name then in use to designate those garments; it has also been suggested that we get the Saxon word *scyl*, the German *schale*, and the English *shell*, a covering, from the same source. Be this so or not, it helps to show how wide a field of inquiry is opened up by our subject. Nothing is known of the decoration of the shawls of the Coraxi, or of the carpets of Miletus; but it would be highly interesting to learn if the latter gave rise to the peculiar ornamentation of the modern Turkish carpets; probably not, for those of Miletus were of felt, whereas the modern ones are woven. Notwithstanding this they were dyed, and it is most probable this was done in the wool before felting: we have direct evidence in the following quotations from the Georgics of Virgil, of two colours at least being used.

Cyrene, when appealed to by Aristæus, is thus occupied:—

"Encompass'd with her sea-green sisters round,
One common work they plied; their distaffs full
With carded locks of blue Milesian wool."—DRYDEN.

"Let rich Miletus vaunt her fleecy pride,
And weigh with gold her robes in purple dyed."—SOTHEBY.

We learn also from the Fourth Georgic, that woven as well as felted cloths were made of Milesian fleeces by the nymphs of Cyrene—

"Thus while she sings, the sisters turn the wheel,
Empty the woolly rack, and fill the reel."—DRYDEN.

From almost every classic author either of Greece or Rome might be drawn illustrations of the high esteem of the pastoral life, which in Arcadia assumed a poetical character which has stamped it with immortality, while the best and softest fleeces were the admiration of both gods and men. Mercury was the god of the wool merchants, as Pan was of the shepherds of Arcadia, and a temple was erected to his honour at Arpinum, under

the name of Mercurius Lanarius. This is not surprising, when so many evidences exist that the trade in wool was certainly second only to that in articles of food.

We also read that the refined civilisation of the ancients produced its natural consequences on the producers; every effort was made to bring to Tyre, Miletus, Samos, Tarentum, Attica, Apulia, and other famous marts, not only an abundant supply of this important material, but also wools of the finest staple, the purest whiteness, or the most agreeable of the coloured varieties. To enable them to do this, the utmost attention was paid to all that concerned the breeding, rearing, and tending of flocks; and in this respect there is no reason to believe the ancients were behind the moderns; indeed, the ancient taste for graceful drapery led them to seek for fine wools, from which soft and flexible cloths could be made to protect and clothe the figure, but not to hide and disguise it. Hence we find a singular custom amongst the shepherds of Attica, and those also of Apulia, of covering choice fleeces with a skin; in other words, sheep were clothed in skins, in order to preserve their own fleeces, and in all probability to ensure fineness of staple, as is now done by the Austrian and Bohemian sheep-breeders, who shut up the choicest sheep in cots, and never clean them, so that they soon become encased in a coat of dirt; the silky fineness of their wool is thus owing to delicacy of constitution: the tendency of healthiness would be to produce a more robust growth of wool. The curious fashion amongst the Grecian and Italian shepherds just mentioned, furnished the Cynic philosopher with a cutting sarcasm upon the careless indifference to the comforts and wants of the children, who were often allowed to run about naked, whilst the sheep were carefully clad. He said "he would rather be the ram than the son of a Megarensian."

White wool has always been in the greatest esteem, and the purer the colour the more it has been prized. The arts of dyeing were practised by almost all ancient nations, but on a limited scale, for their knowledge of permanent and good colours was small; hence white cloths constituted the chief clothing of the better classes of the Greeks and Romans, and dyed garments were luxuries. The naturally coloured wools were in request for common garments, except some of the finer kinds, like the black of Tarentum, and the fine light browns of Caucasium, which were in request for weaving plaids, some of which were like the so-called shepherd's plaid of Scotland, which pattern is known to have been made in India more than two thousand years ago, white and black wool being used. The following lines from Martial's epigram, "De Phyllide," will show that the luxurious Romans held dyed cloths as effeminate:—

"Let him commend the sober native hues
Of Boetic drab, or grey lacernas choose,
Who thinks no man in scarlet should appear,
And only woman pink or purple wear."

There is good reason to believe that woollen cloths were the first upon which decorative art was employed, and that the ornamentation at first consisted simply of figures woven with the different natural or self-coloured wools of the white, black, and brown sheep; but the admirable adaptability of the pure white sheep's wool to receive and retain artificial colours would soon become known, from its readiness to stain with the juices of fruit, &c. Whether the art of dyeing was first applied to the yarn, or unwoven thread, or to the cloth itself, is not now known, but we do know that it was a very ancient practice to dye linen and woollen yarns, or thread, of various colours, for embroidery or needlework. In Exodus we read of Aholiab, who

was "filled with wisdom of heart to work all manner of work of the embroiderer in blue, and in purple, and in scarlet;" and the labours of Penelope were as ambitious in their design as any of the works of the Gobelins.

Probably Northern India was the birth-place of embroidery in wool, and also of weaving with coloured yarns, and thereby producing the same effect as by needlework; certain it is that the beautiful and unrivalled shawls of Kashmir were well known several centuries before the Christian era. In the Mahabharath, an ancient Indian book, we read that the Kanebojans, who inhabited the Valley of Kashmir, paid their tribute in skins and in cloths made of wool, embroidered with gold, &c. The shawls of Kashmir are remarkable for the beautiful brilliancy of their colours, and the exquisite softness of their material. The designs are purely conventional; no full-blown roses ready to tumble off, no twining wreaths of convolvulus threatening entanglement with the glossy curls of the wearers: geometric forms prevail, and on many of them, but not, as is often supposed, on all, is the so-called pine-apple (Fig. 5), the origin of which has no more to



do with that fruit than it has with a gooseberry, for the pine-apple, although now common in India, as it is in England, was unknown until the discovery of America, to which it belongs, being a West Indian plant. The pine-apple pattern admits of endless modifications in the minor details which fill up its outline, and is especially adapted for the rich, mosaic-like ornamentation that forms the groundwork of most Indian fabrics.

From the earliest period in the history of wool until nearly the commencement of the present century, the distaff and the household spinning-wheel were the only means employed in spinning yarns for weaving, and worsted for working embroidery, &c.; but machinery has made a vast revolution in this, as in nearly every other manufacture, and the yarn is now made by machines, having most wondrous powers of production, which was previously made with great care and laborious patience, generally by female hands, and often by ladies of distinction, from the time when the Spartan Helen received a golden distaff as a present, down to the period when our own grandames whiled away their hours in plying the busy wheel and distaff, and made a good supply of homespun to be woven into substantial stuff and broadcloth, such as was known before the days of *Shoddy* and *Mungo*. The ancient Roman matrons

and maids, too, were similarly employed, and no better description of spinning woollen yarn with the distaff has ever been given than in the often-quoted lines of the poet Catullus:—

"The loaded distaff, in the left hand placed,
With spongy coils of snow-white wool was graced;
From these the right hand lengthening fibres drew,
Which into thread 'neath nimble fingers grew.
At intervals a gentle touch was given,
By which the twirling wheel was onward driven;
Then, when the sinking spindle reached the ground,
The recent thread around its spire was wound;
Until the clasp within its nipping cleft
Held fast the newly-finish'd length of weft."

Simple and apparently rude as this method is of drawing out the fibres of the "spongy coils of snow-white wool," or of cotton and the more rigid flax, yet so wonderfully did the hand perform its task, that the fibres of a pound of wool have been drawn and twisted into a thread ninety-five miles in length, and sufficiently strong to be woven. This was accomplished in the first year of the present century, by a lady named Ives, of Spalding, in Lincolnshire, and was then properly regarded as almost a miracle of the art, for the superfine, commercial spinning of that day was about twenty-two miles, or 39,000 yards to the pound weight of wool. Modern machinery has rendered these results matters of comparative ease.

There are two points of view from which we may now regard the ultimate manufac-

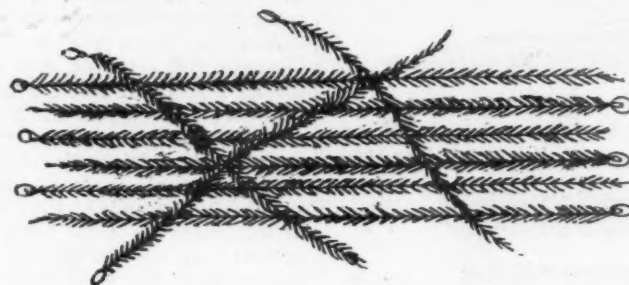


Fig. 6

difference in the quality of various kinds of wool, much care and skill is shown in selecting the sorts which do best for each process. The coarser and longer kinds are best adapted for the machines which lay the fibres side by side, or for *combing*, and these are technically called *combing*, or *long-staple wools*, whilst the finer and shorter kinds are best for the intermingling process, which is called *carding*, and they are known as *carding*, or *short-staple wools*. The former are made into cloths of a looser texture, and without felting, such as the stuffs, coburgs, mousselin de laines, serges, bombazines, &c., called in trade *worsted goods*, whilst the latter are employed in making the compact cloths employed for men's clothing, and similar purposes; these are called *woollen goods*. The *noils*, or broken and short or injured fibres, which are separated from each sort during the dressing operations, are either employed to make yarn for inferior textures, or are felted without weaving, and are thus made into druggets, &c., by the beautiful processes of the Patent Cloth Company, at Leeds, who produce compact cloths of great widths without weaving.

We will now suppose the cloth woven—if *worsted*, it is practically finished when removed from the loom; but if *woollen*, it has to be submitted to many operations, the principal of which consist in soaking it in hot soap and water, and then beating it for a considerable time with heavy wooden mallets, called the *fulling stocks*; this drives the fibres into close contact, and interlocks them, the little serratures or projecting scales working closer into each other the more they are beaten. When removed from the *stocks*, the cloth, still wet with soap and water, is placed in a machine, where it is submitted to great

tures of wool, viz., the useful and the beautiful; and in this latter respect wool has a much higher rank than either of the other principal textile materials, not even excepting silk; we shall, therefore, briefly sketch the means by which this material is wrought into articles of utility, and then into works of Art. We have said that modern machinery now produces thread of any required fineness, but it does more: it arranges the individual fibres of the wool in such an artistic manner, that it produces, apparently by the same means, thread of two greatly different characters. Minute descriptions of machinery would be out of place in this work, and we shall be quite as well understood when we say that if the wool, as taken from the sheep's back, is carefully combed, so that the fibres are laid exactly side by side as when growing, those little projections shown in Figs. 2, 3, and 4 will not interlock so completely one with another as if the fibres were laid in lines, the roots of some in one direction and some the other, and with others crossing and intermingling with them, as in Fig. 6. Therefore it will not be possible to have such compact threads by the one plan as by the other, nor will the one kind felt or combine so tightly as in the other case; hence there are two modifications of the spinning machinery, and as there is great

pressure, by passing continuously through weighted wooden rollers; this is called *mill-ing*, which, besides increasing its closeness of texture, also gives a smooth compact surface to the cloth. It is next made to pass over wooden cylinders, which bring it in contact with frames filled with the halves of teasels. These curious vegetable productions are the fruit of the Fuller's Teazel, *Dipsacus Fullo-rium*, a native plant, the conical head of

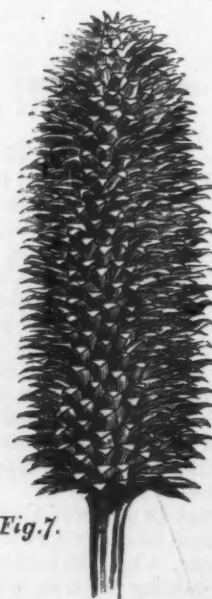
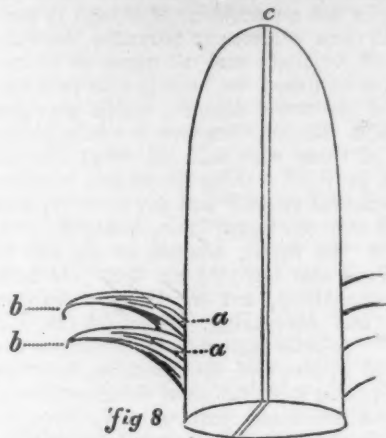


Fig. 7.

which, Fig. 7, is composed of a number of seed-vessels, Fig. 8, *a a*, each enveloped with a sharp, hard, horny, and hooked *bract*, or

scale, Fig. 8, *b b*, these hooked bracts are firmly attached to the central core, or *receptacle*, Fig. 8, *c*—indeed, so tightly are they fixed, and so horny are they in texture, that



it requires great force to detach or break them; they are gathered when ripe, and the seeds are shaken out from the cones; when used, they are divided into halves (*c*, Fig. 8), the flat side of which is set on the frame; here they are arranged in rows close together, the hooked points, of course, being outward, the cloth is made to pass over them, and the little hooks pull out the ends of the fibres, and thus form the nap or pile of the cloth. The nap, however, is very ragged and irregular, but a beautiful machine through which it next passes mows it down with most wonderful nicety, leaving every fibre of the same length, and, consequently, the surface of the cloth perfectly smooth. In this state the cloth wants glossiness, and to gain this, it is rolled up tightly in large rolls, and put into cisterns of hot soap and water, and here, after being almost boiled, or hot-pressed, as it is called, for a time, it is removed and dried in an extended state, after which it is folded into squares, with a large sheet of thick mill-board between each fold, and is submitted to the pressure of hydraulic presses in heated metal chambers; after this second hot-pressing it is ready for use by the clothiers, &c. And here we leave it, for it would be perfectly inexcusable to record in a volume devoted to Art any of those processes by which the modern *Sartorius* produces the most perfect disfigurement of "the human form divine" which ingenuity can devise. The costumes of the red Indians are picturesque, those of the Esquimaux have perfect fitness to recommend them, the dresses of most Asiatic nations are both tasteful in form and colour. Even the Fiji Islander produces a graceful and not inelegant wrapper from his rude preparation of Tapa bark, and his red and black dyes; but the fashionable tailor of the nations which claim especially to be civilised, displays neither taste nor invention; the same conventional laws, with slight and puerile modifications, rule them from year to year, and the cases into which mankind are packed by them are less tasteful than those of the most uncivilised savages.

But if in the direction of costume the arts of working up wool add nothing to the domains of *fine Art* in the present age, such is not the case in the employment of this material for tapestry, carpets, and other ornamental purposes; those who have looked on the marvels of the Gobelins, of Beauvais, and of La Savonnerie, in which pictorial art is so completely identified with the material, that we cannot help feeling regret that our pigments are not equally warm and glowing as our dyes, or that the latter are not quite so permanent as the former. No one can look at the works of the imperially protected

looms of France, or the free machines of Brussels, of Kidderminster, of Axminster, and of Halifax, and of the enterprising Dutch manufactories at Deventer, without being compelled to confess that the microscopically minute scales which so especially distinguish wool from hair, entitle it to the respect of the artist as well as the economist.

In speaking of the looms of the tapestry and carpet works, it must not be inferred that they are all the same; those used for tapestry are not strictly looms, they are mere frames in which a number of warp threads are arranged, as in an ordinary loom, but the pattern or design is worked in with the coloured worsted, which is a compact, tightly-spun thread, in this respect differing much from the loose twisted worsted used by ladies for embroidery, by means of a needle, and always by the hand, no machinery being employed. In carpets, however, the arrangements are all mechanical, being exactly the same as in ordinary weaving. Indeed, in the wonderful invention of Mr. Wytock, and some ingenious modifications of it, either the warp or the weft is printed whilst unwoven, and with such unerring exactness, that when the mottled threads are woven, the apparently unmeaning dots upon them are found to have formed a complete and often very elaborate pattern. A very curious invention has lately been carried out, by which table-mats and other small articles have been made to imitate the velvet-pile carpet, without either weaving or felting. The design is produced by laying lengths of the various tints of dyed wool, so that, although apparently a mere bundle of wool, the end nevertheless shows the pattern; the whole is pressed equally, and the end is carefully cut smooth and coated over with a composition containing caoutchouc. This forms the base of the fabric; then a cutting instrument is made to shave off this, with a slight length of the wool attached, sufficient for the required pile, which gives the pattern. This is repeated as often as the length of the wool employed will allow; it indeed resembles the manufacture of Tunbridge-ware, wool being used instead of wood. Much is still required to be done by the artists of this country in directing the public taste for carpet and tapestry designs. Amongst the specimens exhibited in the International Exhibition were carpets figured with lions, tigers, scenes in Indian jungles, sportsmen returning from the highlands, musical instruments, vases, and many other uncomfortable things to walk upon; and in this respect many of the continental manufacturers were almost as bad; a carpet, even more than a stained-glass window, should have rather the character of rich mosaic, and there is no reason why it should not, for the material can be adapted to any design. No carpets have shown greater improvement in this respect than those of Kidderminster, especially those of Messrs. Morton and Sons, whose quiet and tasteful designs are now enjoying a large share of the public taste. We are often told by manufacturers, that they are not responsible for bad taste, that the public will have certain glaring and gaudy inconsistencies, and they must supply them. They forget that they created this false taste, and that it is as easy, and, we believe, still easier, to restore true taste. The manufacturer has a field for ambition as well as for profit, and those who have sought to compass both have rarely been unsuccessful—witness the names of Wedgwood and Minton, and others who are happily still with us. Let the manufacturer who calls in decorative art choose for his motto—

"Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile et dulce."*

* To be continued.

VOGELSTEIN'S "FAUST," ETC.*

VOGEL VON VOGELSTEIN holds high rank among the artists of Germany, and especially among those of the Dresden school, where he occupies the chair of professor of painting. The work before us consists of three engraved plates from his designs, representing respectively the principal incidents in Goethe's "Faust," Dante's "Divina Commedia," and Virgil's "Æneid." The arrangement and form of each page of designs suggest the idea of their being intended for stained-glass windows for some hall or public edifice other than ecclesiastical.

It may readily be supposed that the three great writers chosen for illustration would furnish abundant materials for the purpose of any artist. Herr Vogel has limited himself to about twelve subjects for each window, as we think fit to designate the plate, the principal picture filling the largest space in the central compartment, with a smaller subject beneath, and three on each lateral. The upper lights have also several designs, but of smaller dimensions. Accompanying the engravings is an elaborate description of the subjects from the pen of the artist; we can only follow it briefly in the space to which our notice must be limited.

In the centre of the "Faust" series, the learned doctor is seen seated in his laboratory, and gazing with alarm at the apparition of the spirit which has made its appearance in obedience to his summons. Above, in a small circular compartment immediately under the apex of the pointed arch, the form given to the window, is a representation of the Deity. On each side of this, in other divisions, are groups of angels, among whom appears Mephistopheles asking permission of the Almighty to tempt Faust, as Satan solicited to try the patience of Job. In two compartments immediately below, we see respectively, Mephistopheles, in the shape of a dog, running towards Faust and Wagner, and Faust, as a child, accompanying his mother to church. Tracing now the right-hand lateral light downwards, the first design shows Faust in the kitchen of the sorceress, enraptured at the sight of the vision of a lovely female; in the next compartment is an illustration of the incident on Mount Bloksberg, the rendezvous of the witches; and below this is the scene where Faust is being dragged away in the prison by the demon. Immediately under the large central design we see another picture of Faust and his fiend companion riding rapidly past the gibbet; to the left of this is the death of Margaret's brother, Valentin, in combat with Faust; and above the latter design we find Margaret praying in the church; surmounting this is the well-known garden scene, where Faust and Margaret meet and embrace. This completes the series after Goethe; we have taken them, principally, in the order in which the artist has set them forth in his Gothic framework, and not as the incidents follow in the text. The engravings of this set are only very delicate outlines.

In Dante's "Divina Commedia" the engravings have the appearance of highly finished etchings, with a powerful effect of light and shade. They are comprised within a three-light window of German-Gothic design rising above a kind of pediment, also divided into three compartments. Perhaps we ought not to call this a window, for it appears like an out-door construction, the distant landscape being visible at its sides, and through the centre arch, where Dante is seated, under a sort of dome, upon a tomb which, from a bas-relief on the front and an inscription, is seen to be that of Beatrice. The figure of the poet is fine in conception; one hand holds a pen, the other a tablet; his head, wreathed with bay-leaves, is upturned to the regions of Paradise, seen in the compartment above him. Without particularising the various subjects grouped around the centre, it must suffice to say that the artist has selected the most prominent scenes of the poem, those which enable him to portray Dante's upward course towards good contrasted with Faust's downward course in evil.

The design of the framework containing the series of subjects from the "Æneid" is very appropriately in harmony with the architecture of Rome during the reigns of the emperors. The central compartment, which takes the form of a doorway, is flanked on each side by columns with Corinthian capitals: the cornice of each pillar is surmounted by a figure of the Emperor Augustus and of Virgil respectively. The intervening façade is divided into five small compartments, in which appear illustrations of some minor incidents in the Trojan war, as the entrance

* ÉPISODES PRINCIPAUX DU FAUST, DE LA DIVINE COMÉDIE, ET DE L'ÉNÉIDE DE VIRGILE. By C. VOGEL VON VOGELSTEIN. Published by E. A. Fleischmann, Munich; Dulau & Co., London.

of the wooden horse into Troy, Laocöon, Cassandra, Polydorus, and the harpies. The large picture in the centre of the whole series shows Æneas carrying his aged father out of the burning city; the young Ascanius, bearing the helmet of his father, clings to his arm, while the weeping Creusa, wife of Æneas, follows at a short distance. The topmost picture, on the left of the centre, is Æneas at sea in a storm; below this, he is relating his adventures to Dido; and a smaller one, still lower, shows the disembarkation at Cumæ. On the opposite side, commencing at the top, we have the marriage of Æneas with Lavinia, the death of Turnus, and Venus showing Æneas the weapons and armour he is to wear. The three subjects occupying the base are Æneas in the grotto of the Sibyl, the same pair in Charon's boat, and the Elysian fields, with Anchises showing his son the Roman people as the descendants of the Trojans. Stretching across the whole of these designs, and at the top of the plate, is a semicircular compartment, representing Jupiter on Olympus, accompanied by the gods, with Venus on her knees before him, imploring his aid on behalf of her son Æneas. This series of engravings, like that of the "Divina Commedia," is finished highly, and is most effective.

We recognise in Herr Vogel's designs throughout little of what belongs in style and conception to the modern German school of Art. They have the dignity of manner, with much of the pure classic feeling, that characterise the works of the old Italian masters who immediately succeeded Raffaele. Even on the minute scale in which they are here presented to view, we can discern skilful and accurate drawing, embodying ideas no less poetically imaginative than they are true to the writings that suggested them. These writings the artist has carefully studied, and has produced a number of illustrations developing the progress of the respective stories in an intelligent and appreciative spirit.

We rejoice to find the venerable artist, Vogel von Vogelstein, manifesting in his conceptions of the great poet of Germany the vigour and refinement that made the painter eminent in manhood and in youth. We discharge a pleasant duty in according to him in the pages of *The Art-Journal* the honour to which he is justly entitled among the foremost men of his age and country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL,"

THE "PROTO-MADONNA" PICTURE.

SIR,—Having seen the Madonna in your Journal, and read the article concerning it, it seems to me that Gibbon, in his "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," refers to this identical painting in the thirty-second chapter of that work, towards the end of the chapter, for he says, that when Eudocia, the wife of Theodosius the younger, went to Antioch, "in the Holy Land, her alms and pious foundations exceeded the munificence of the great Helena, and though the public treasury might be impoverished by this excessive liberality, she enjoyed the conscious satisfaction of returning to Constantinople with the chains of St. Peter, the right arm of St. Stephen, and an undoubted picture of the Virgin, painted by St. Luke."

If this adds another link to the chain of events necessary to be known concerning this curious painting, it will be so much the more satisfactory to the fortunate owner thereof.

Your obedient servant,
Edinburgh. C. H. RAMSDEN.

SIR,—Your publication of the Proto-Madonna is extremely interesting. The engraving gives a complete idea of the painting, the lines are so beautifully minute and varied. I think that the Chaldaic inscription shows how the tradition of St. Luke being the painter of the Virgin may have had its origin. The painter of this picture simply states that his name is Luke; he makes no allusion to being an evangelist or apostle; or of his living in that age; or of being acquainted with any one of the period. The utmost, as appears to me, that the inscription infers, is, that he had seen the Virgin in a vision.

Your obedient servant,
Cork. R. SAINTHILL.

[Among several communications that have reached us relative to this curious painting, we have received the above.—ED. A.-J.]

A PLEA FOR THE ÆSTHETICS OF OUR PUBLIC WAYS.

THE claim of beauty—the beauty of propriety and fitness—to be consulted in the production of works of utility becomes every day a question of more and more public importance. It was tardily admitted among us some few years ago in respect to articles of furniture and manufactured products—but only upon selfish grounds—the necessity of competing with the foreign producer being made palpable to the commercial mind. With what measure of success our manufacturers have entered upon this new struggle, by what amount of correct principle and inventive faculty their labours have been marked, we have from time to time had occasion to discuss in this journal. In the observations we are now about to make it is not our intention to travel over this limited yet fruitful field, but to enter upon a wider and nobler sphere of speculation, taking altogether higher ground, far removed from the province of the factory and the shop; in a word, to consider beauty as an element to instruct, improve, and humanise the mind, to elevate and comfort the soul of man, and as such entitled to consideration upon public grounds, irrespective of the inducement of immediate commercial gain. We say "immediate commercial gain," because we think there is no doubt that the more widely the teachings of beauty are felt and acknowledged, and the more extensively right principles of taste are diffused among the people, the more, eventually, must all manufacturing enterprise, pretending to an ornamental character, be promoted by the increase of skilled producers and appreciating purchasers. A movement, therefore, in the right direction, undertaken in the first instance with the most disinterested motives, may, and probably will, in the end bring its reward, in an endless variety of ways, to numerous kindred individual interests.

To establish our theory upon this high basis, and to support the deductions we would draw from it, it becomes necessary to insist upon the recognition of æsthetic influence as something more than a matter of option—as a duty, and almost a point of religion; as it was with the Greeks of old, who delighted to typify their deities in various forms of physical perfectibility, and who caused their women to be surrounded by noble forms in works of Art, in order that they might be the mothers of beautiful children. The influence of external forms acting through the vision upon the human mind, to fashion it to an appreciation of and sympathy with symmetry and loveliness, or the reverse, has long been insisted upon in the speculations of poetic philosophy, but till recently has been scouted by hard men of the world as a visionary absurdity. The reasonableness of the position, however, has gradually become acknowledged by many thinking persons; and latterly, with most remarkable emphasis and almost with the voice of authority, by one who, of all others, should be classed in the category of matter-of-fact men—namely, the Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer. The opening portion of the address delivered by Mr. Gladstone, on laying the foundation stone of the Wedgwood Institute at Burslem, in October last, abounds in passages of wise and fervent eloquence on the desirableness of "the association of beauty with utility," which may be adopted as texts for our purpose, and to the force of which it is almost impossible to add anything. How grand and comprehensive is the grasp of the subject in these few lines:—"Now do not let

us suppose that, when we speak of this association of beauty with convenience we speak, either of a matter which is light or fanciful, or of one which may, like some of those I have named, be left to take care of itself. Beauty is not an accident of things, it pertains to their essence; it pervades the wide range of creation; and wherever it is impaired or banished, we have in this fact, the proof of the moral disorder which pervades the world. Reject, therefore, the false philosophy of those who will ask what does it matter, provided a thing be useful, whether it is beautiful or not? and say in reply, that we will take our lesson from Almighty God, who, in His works, has shown us, and in His Word also has told us, that 'He hath made everything,' not one thing or another thing, but everything, 'beautiful in His time.'" A little further on he illustrates the practical bearings of the question, insisting that "to this constitution of things outward, the constitution and mind of man, deranged although they be, still answer from within. Down to the humblest condition of life,—down to the lowest and most backward grade of civilisation,—the nature of man craves, and seems as it were to cry aloud for something, some sign or token at least, of what is beautiful in some of the many spheres of life and sense." And, again, in another passage, he reduces all these suggestions to a result, which, admitting its reasonableness, invests the question with an importance, as bearing upon our social status, which it is impossible to overrate. The pursuit of the element of beauty in the business of production is to be looked upon, he says, "not merely as an economical benefit; not merely as that which contributes to our works an element of value; not merely as that which supplies a particular faculty of human nature with its proper food; but as a liberalising and civilising power, and an instrument, in its own sphere, of moral and social improvement."

And what is the argument we would found upon this position so admirably expressed? Why this: that if the craving for beauty is so universal in our nature, and the gratification of that desire is followed by such wholesome results upon "the constitution and mind of man," it becomes a duty of the State to tend and nurture that ennobling impulse to the fullest possible extent among the whole community, or at least to prevent, as far as may be done, by legislative enactment or official control, the wanton discouragement of that feeling, by the erection of buildings and other structures of a hideous character, in the public ways. The pride and exultation with which a large urban community may be brought to view an orderly arrangement of stately buildings, with the interior of which the major part of them have no concern, is aptly illustrated in a sister metropolis over the water, where a few miles of new Boulevards have been accepted as a compensation for surrendered constitutional liberties. In unenviable contradistinction, England, where every man is free—free above all to "do what he likes with his own"—unquestionably boasts the most unsightly capital in Europe.

When a man "builds a house upon his own ground," he considers that he is at perfect liberty to fashion it internally and externally just as may happen to please his own fancy; and, in general, the law is on his side. But there is a sort of moral obligation which should be held superior to strict legal right—a moral obligation springing, it is not going too far to say it, from the Divine injunction to "do unto one's neighbour as one would be done by"—not to thrust a hideous and offensive object in his face every time he has occasion to pass your door, the result of your own

caprice or ignorance, or of the evil counsel of some upstart, common, so-called "architect." Nor would we impute to *malice prepense*, nor even to "culpable negligence," every case of offence of this kind. The best intentions are often frustrated through being directed by false principles, or imperfect knowledge, or a naturally defective fancy, and in such cases the most lavish expenditure upon materials and workmanship only serves to intensify and render more conspicuous the original mistake. Perhaps the two costliest and at the same time most unsightly and tasteless private mansions recently built (one, to speak more correctly, is still in course of building) in London, are situate within a stone's throw of one another, in a leading fashionable thoroughfare, and are the result of the munificent ambition of two of the richest merchants in Europe. Of the late Mr. Hope's house at the corner of Down Street, as it has become in some sort familiarised to the public eye, it were late now to speak; but Baron Rothschild's more bulky building, which in its slow progress to completion daily challenges the perplexed and annoyed gaze of the passers-by, may justify a word or two of remark. The first idea that must present itself to every one who considers the quantity and quality of the materials entering into the composition of this ostentatious but dreary pile, is its bald and poverty-stricken aspect; the cold, ungainly expanse of its wall surface, pierced with unmeaning fenestration, in which the shallow meagre mouldings surrounding the voids contrast suggestively, in the mind's eye, with the redundant carvings and other works of a decorative character, which are known to be crowded upon one another in the interior; the whole combination savouring eminently of the hateful and unneighbourly sin of selfishness. To enforce in any point of detail this general condemnation, would perhaps be unnecessary, but we cannot help pointing out, as an instance of inartistic blundering on the part of the architect, the Venetian windows over the portico in which the piers between the centre and side window spaces are double instead of single, as they ought properly to be, producing a heavy and incongruous effect most painful to the eye.

We admitted that, generally speaking, as the law now stands, every man building a house has a right to consult his own fancy and insult the taste of his neighbour, without let or hindrance in point of law, suggesting only the restraining influence which a Christian-like consideration for the feelings of others might exert to qualify the selfish proceeding. But there are, we submit, exceptions even to this rule, which may be supported upon strict analogy with existing and universally admitted laws, that restrict and regulate to a point of mutual concession what would otherwise seem to be the conflicting rights of the owners of lands adjoining one another. According to the strict letter of the law, the tenure of landed property is *usque ad cælum*; so that there would be nothing to prevent a man having half an acre of ground in the midst of a thickly populated district, to cover it to the very verge with a tower as tall as that of Babel, to the great disgust and inconvenience of his neighbours. But here the law of "easements" steps in, and insists that every man has a right to the enjoyment of a certain amount of light and air surrounding his own particular property, and, as it were, received by passage over that of his neighbour's, which the latter has not a right to dispossess him of nor encroach upon. On the part of the public, which recognises and protects the rights of private property, we claim an equally inalienable interest in the enjoyment of the light and air of heaven along the boundaries

of the public highway; and we assert the claim in regard to light not only as regards the quantity of the thing itself, but of the form and manner in which it may be enjoyed. Conceding the bare right of every vulgar owner to set up any fashion of unpleasant wall-work his choice may delight in—from the flattest and most miserable stone-facing to the most extravagant contortions of "Victorian" insanity—we demand of him some respect to public feeling in all those portions of his building, whether roof or parapet, which intercept or in any way deal with that which is the common estate of all—the fair blue arch of the everlasting firmament. It is precisely in roof and parapet that, of all other parts of his building, the true architect has the finest and freest opportunity of displaying the soul that is within him, and of putting a crowning glory to a work of mundane suggestion and requirement, the leading features of which have necessarily been moulded upon considerations of utility beyond his control. But the imperious demands of necessity in the disposal of space in the plan being met in every particular, it is still open to him when he comes to his "sky-line," including roofage, parapet, chimneys, &c., to display his inventive powers with a result which shall be grateful and complimentary to the public eye. Yet how often, in some of the most remarkable of recent structures in the metropolis, as well as in additions made to already existing buildings, has every consideration of this kind been ignored, or grossly and unfeelingly violated. Take, for instance, the long line of Regent Street, which, with its many sins of design (more especially in its arbitrary disregard of individualism of particular dwellings in favour of the one end aimed at, of completeness and homogeneity of *ensemble*), is a great advance upon the dingy and repulsive network of straggling thoroughfares which it replaced, and may be said to have inaugurated the Renaissance of the nineteenth century,—take, we say, this famed fashionable highway, and see how its uniformity, so stringently insisted upon in the crown leases of the various tenements, has already begun to be violated at the caprice of individuals. Look, for instance, at the well-known Club Chambers, built as a commercial speculation some years ago, and at the huge pile of French architecture, with towering Mansard roof, now in course of erection at the corner of New Burlington Street, in utter and striking contrast to all the long row of buildings of which it forms a part; and worse still, cast a look at the mean attic stories which here and there have been stuck upon the roofs, to serve as dormitories or storerooms, and, more recently, the glass-houses intended for photographic purposes, which have sprung up from end to end of the street, to the complete disfigurement of the decent sky-line originally designed. But the most atrocious infraction of public decency committed in this popular thoroughfare is in the case of the roof of St. James's Hall—a monstrous, shapeless protuberance, not to be likened, as far as our experience goes, to anything in nature or Art, save, perhaps, the hull of an old ship, bottom upwards, and covered with excrescent barnacles (intended as ventilators), the startling aspect of which meets the eye at the top of Regent Street on the left, afterwards, as you descend, moves over to the right, and eventually as, with eager and puzzled curiosity, you approach to inspect it nearer, vanishes altogether, leaving you all in amazement as to the what and whereabouts of the disgusting apparition. Another instance of a roof in itself not so offensive in outline, but in character utterly inappropriate to the building to which it is attached, and to its

surroundings, is that of the Reading-Room at the British Museum, which, from a distance, invites us to a "West Central" St. Paul's, and vanishes before the Ionic portico, behind which it is so incongruously appended, is reached. Again, another singular instance of roof and chimney "impertinence," taking the term in its strictly legal acceptation, may be found in that overgrown tea-caddy production, known as the Middle Temple Library, where the chimneys, rising from the side walls, but to a point below the ridge of the high-pitched roof, having been found inoperative, the smoke is now conveyed from the lower part of the former to the roof in rectangular zinc flues, having the appearance of flying buttresses (only placed in positions never yet occupied by such), and then up the face of the roof to the top of it, where they discharge their smoky stream. To take examples of a different kind: the Tuileriesque roof-structures of Montague House, and the indescribable fungoid excrescences at the top of the Grosvenor Hotel, may be pointed to as *mauvaises plaisanteries*, the emanations of a disturbed intellect and misguided conceit. But what shall we say to the broad acre of stolid lead, with dog-kennel light running down the midst, which, high in mid-air, overhangs the huge area of the Charing Cross Railway Station, forming a hideous background to the parapet, turrets, and lion of Northumberland House, in a word destroying its old familiar "sky-line," in common with that of all surrounding buildings? What? but that we live in a selfish age of money-greed, which blinds the eye and closes the heart against all considerations but those of a profitable investment of capital.

And this brings us to a further and final quotation from Mr. Gladstone's charming and graceful Burslem address, in which the minister whose peculiar and necessary official duty has been to deal with money, and who, least of all, might be supposed capable of underrating its importance as an element of social life, thus expresses himself upon some of the debasing effects of a too great store and care for wealth in the human heart and intellect. "I know not," says the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "whether there is any one among many species of human aberration that renders a man so entirely callous, as the lust of gain in its extreme degrees. That passion, when it has full dominion, excludes every other; it shuts out even what might be called redeeming infirmities; it blinds men to the sense of beauty, as much as the perception of justice and right. Cases might even be named of countries, where greediness for money holds the widest sway, and where unmitigated ugliness is the principal characteristic of industrial products."

This position, so sound and wholesome in itself, and withal so calmly and forcibly put, completes the theoretic considerations in view of which we would discuss the general bearings of the question of what is due to "the Aesthetics of our Public Ways." It is incumbent upon us now to give them a direct application in reference to existing or projected public works within the bills of mortality, which threaten to alter and cut up the whole face of the metropolis, in the interests of the travelling portion of the community, and the companies "limited," which have stood forward under the pretence of catering for the public convenience, but in reality "in the lust of gain;" with no other views than to make a good market value for their several schemes, and to "do" the public, or one another, to the fullest possible extent. Never since the memorable year 1845 was the business of railway projecting so rife; and now it comes, in great part, with concentrated and peculiar interest, as involving, more or less,

the territorial arrangements and distribution of thoroughfares within the metropolis. In the restricted point of view in which we have taken up the question, we do not feel called upon to examine any of these projects, in regard either to the extent to which they may contribute to the convenience of the travelling community, or the amount of gain they may return to the shareholders. Railway travellers and railway shareholders are undoubtedly entitled to large consideration at the hands of an emphatically-speaking commercial community, but they are not the objects of our solicitude at the present moment. Looking to the importance of regulating our public ways with due regard to aesthetic principles, which we have endeavoured to advocate in the preceding observations, we have to urge with especial emphasis their prompt application in connection with works of such magnitude and importance as it appears probable will, before many years, rear their heads around us in connection with some or other of the railway projects we have referred to; to say nothing of local street improvements, for which companies have been formed, and for the authorisation of which bills are awaiting the decision of Parliament in the present session. The latter class of works, as being strictly of local importance, and having local eyes watching them, we shall pass over for the present, perhaps to recur to them individually, or in groups, on some future occasion. But the junction railway from Wandsworth to Hampstead, or from Brompton to Euston Square, confers no immediate local advantages upon most of the principal thoroughfares or open spaces through which it passes, and entails an amount of inconvenience and annoyance, in the shape of obstructive works and the noise and smoke of transit, upon the inhabitants. What we have to insist upon, therefore, is, that in passing through the bowels of our thickly-populated metropolis and its immediate environs, these junction lines, whether Grand Outer Circle, or Inner Circle, or Metropolitan Grand Union, or other, by whatever names they may be called, be fashioned so as to interfere as little as possible with the local economy of our streets and open ways; and that wherever they come before the public eye, whether on bridge, on viaduct, or in cutting, they should be constructed with a decent regard to aesthetic principles, so as to become, if not exactly an ornament and source of gratification, at least not an eyesore and an offence. Furthermore, in the interests equally of economy and appearance, we would urge—particularly in the case of bridges over the Thames—that, where practicable, the special requirements of the railway should be consulted in connection with that of general traffic in one compound structure. This principle is happily in operation at Cologne and Dresden, but is signally violated in our great metropolis, in the case of the Victoria Railway Bridge, which runs within a hundred yards of Mr. Page's beautiful Wandsworth Bridge, and in that of the Dover and Chatham tank bridge, which, when finished, will run close alongside, at one end actually touching, Blackfriars Bridge, which, as we all know, is itself shortly to be rebuilt.

The extent to which the arguments and suggestions we have adduced in this article are applicable on the present occasion may be judged of from the fact, as appears from the "Report of the Board of Trade on Metropolitan Railway Schemes, 1864," that "thirty-nine bills proposing to sanction the construction of railways within the metropolitan railway district, have been lodged at the Board of Trade," of which number "eight have failed to make the deposit required by the standing orders," while "in some other

cases portions of the scheme have been abandoned, and a reduced deposit made." Thirty-one schemes (amounting in all to about a hundred and seventy miles in length) thus remain for extending or improving the lines of railway transit within the metropolis, which in their outer sweep comprehend almost every inhabited locality in the wide circuit from Brompton, through Notting Hill, Hammer-smith, Kilburn, Hampstead, Stoke Newington, Stamford Hill, Hackney, Bow, Limehouse, Rotherhithe, New Cross, Wandsworth, and Victoria Station, besides branches too numerous to mention; and in their "inner circle," from Pimlico along the Thames embankment to Blackfriars Bridge, thence to Tower Hill, thence to Finsbury Circus, Trinity Square, and so on back by Notting Hill to Brompton; besides which are numerous lines, north and south, in connection with the Charing Cross Station; another through the Thames Tunnel; and a Metropolitan Grand Union Railway—in some respects competing with the Outer and Inner Circle schemes—which purposes junctions between the London and Blackwall Railway, and the North London Extension, near the Liverpool Street Station, to the proposed extension of the Great Eastern line, near Wormwood Street, to the Victoria Station, Pimlico, and from a point near Tower Hill to the South Eastern and Brighton Railways on the south side of the river. Those who consider the above very incomplete summary of the projects in hand, may imagine for themselves how the metropolis, in its most frequented parts, is to be intersected by them, either in cuttings, in tunnels, or on viaducts. The new termini which these schemes will render necessary in the heart of the metropolis, to say nothing of the suburbs, will be seven in number—one in Wormwood Street, two (high and low level respectively) in Moorgate Street, one a little to the west of the Mansion House, one at Aldgate, one at Trinity Square, Tower Hill, and one near the present Charing Cross Station, at its eastern side. Then in respect of the connection of railways north and south of the river, we are threatened with five new bridges, in addition to those already existing, or sanctioned, at Blackfriars, Charing Cross, and Pimlico respectively—namely, one at Limehouse, one at Tower Hill, one at Chelsea, and two (of competing companies) at Lambeth.

What we have to urge in respect of these projects is, that before any of them receive the sanction of Parliament, there should, in addition to the commercial prospects and engineering difficulties involved in them, be taken into account the designs of the several works as regards aesthetic considerations, in order that, in extending the ramifications of our great railway system through our metropolis—the importance of which on the grounds of general convenience, and as an element of civilisation and commercial aggrandisement we do not for a moment dispute—regard should be had, and guarantees obtained, for "the association of beauty with utility," as far as circumstances will possibly admit.

But there is another sense besides that of the eye which claims consideration in these matters. The screaming of the railway whistle, the puffing and rumbling of the train in its dizzy passage, shaking houses to their foundation, already sufficiently painfully appreciable, even in suburban localities, will become an intolerable nuisance when invading the crowded thoroughfares of the metropolis, unless put under restraint.

It is some consolation in the midst of the apprehensions which the projected wholesale invasion of our streets conjures up, to find that the Government are not altogether indifferent to the exigency of the crisis, and

the responsibility which it imposes upon them. The joint committee of Lords and Commons appointed at the suggestion of Mr. Milner Gibson to hold a preliminary inspection over all the metropolitan railway schemes, before proceeding with any of them, will be of much use if they zealously perform their duty. Let them recollect that the eyes and ears of three millions of her Majesty's subjects, resident in the metropolis alone, to say nothing of visitors, are in their immediate keeping, as well as all the civilising and moral influences dependent on the agency of those senses; and may they acquit themselves of the trust reposed in them wisely, fearlessly, and well.

H. O.

THE NEW COURTS AT KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE upper walls of the New Courts, that is of the Loan Museum, have been painted and divided into pairs of panels, each one of which will contain a full-length portrait of some person who has distinguished himself in Art or science. The figures already finished and placed are—William of Wykeham, by R. Burchett; Cimabue, by Leighton; Wren and Hogarth, by Eyre Crowe; and Michael Angelo, by G. Sykes. Moreover, Mr. Leighton is engaged upon Nicolo Pisano, and Mr. Sykes upon Raffaele, Mr. Cave Thomas on Albert Dürer, and Mr. Redgrave on Flaxman and Holbein. These, with one more—to whom assigned, we know not—will complete the set on one side of the Loan Museum. The conditions to which these figures are finally subjected, have placed their works on trial in a manner for which some of the artists have evidently been unprepared. They are relieved in the first place by a dispersed gilt background too near a spread of top-light, which illumines the gilt up to intense reflection; secondly, the figures are placed very high, and few artists have the hardihood to compose their figures purposely out of drawing in order that they may look right from below. From the dispositions of some of the figures they appear short and insignificant. The flood of light upon the glittering background gives to dark figures the effect of a man standing with his back to a window. Thus the figures are heavy, and the drawing is all but lost. Mr. Leighton's Cimabue is admirably suited to the gilt field—he has managed to give the appearance of a light from within, which greatly neutralises the opposition; but the uniformly white dress of the figure makes it look like a painting from a statue rather than the portrait of the man supposed to be alive, and the colouring of the face is not sufficient to dispel the impression. The degrees of tone, however, that Mr. Leighton has secured to his Cimabue are about those necessary for such a light as his figure is placed in. These pictures, we presume, like the corridor frescoes in the Houses of Parliament, are painted in the studios of the artists, and transferred thence to their places. Thus having been worked out in a moderately good light, and with entire reference to that light, they cannot tell favourably placed as they are now. It is not difficult to determine the artists who are unaccustomed to paint large figures. Michael Angelo is placed on a staircase within the Vatican; he carries his designs and his well-known anatomical figure. Hogarth stands with his legs crossed; this might have been a habit with him, but there are few personal habits becoming to what ought to be the dignity of portraiture. Wren stands resting his right hand on a pedestal, and holds in his left his plans for St. Paul's. In some the faults of bad originals have been repeated with a too great prominence to matter of insignificant detail. The portraits yet to be placed, besides those mentioned, are those of Albert Dürer, Palissy, Goujon, Cellini, and Holbein. If other artists engaged upon these works have waited and profited by the effects of those placed, they have done wisely; if not, we may see a continuation of false effects which no skill or experience can guard against without a knowledge of the special conditions of the case.

THE ALEXANDRA VASE.

This truly royal vase, the wedding-gift presented to H.R.H. the Princess of Wales by the Danes resident in England, has already been described in *The Art-Journal*, and now we place before our readers an engraving on wood, which faithfully represents this noble work of the goldsmith's art, designed and produced in oxydised silver by Mr. Jes Barkentin.

With its base and plinth the Alexandra Vase is three feet six inches in height, and it weighs about three hundred and fifteen ounces. In the great medallion, which appears upon the body of the vase in our engraving, Queen Thyra Dannebod is represented sitting on horseback, superintending the building of the Dannevirke, and encouraging the workers in their labour. All the figures in this fine and spirited group are executed in salient relief. Queen Thyra, consort of Gorm II. of Denmark (whose great-grandson was Canute the Great), a daughter of our Edward the Elder, and a sister of Alfred, from her patriotic spirit received her surname of *Dannebod*, or the "consolation of the people;" she died in the year 935. The corresponding medallion on the opposite side of the vase is devoted to the representation of a memorable incident associated with another royal lady, who, like Queen Thyra, may be styled a national heroine of Denmark. Queen Dagmar has been represented by Mr. Barkentin as in the act of interceding with her husband, Waldemar the Victorious, on behalf of the imprisoned peasants. This much-loved and honoured princess wears her own "Dagmar cross," and she kneels before her royal lord, supported by two faithful and loving attendant friends, Kirsten of Rise, and the youthful Rigmor; the king himself is attended by an officer of his guard, and by another personage of sterner aspect, in whose charge are the objects of the gentle queen's compassion. In the Norse, *Dagmar* is the "bright day;" and this name was given by her people, in place of her real name, Margaret, to the fair and popular consort of Waldemar II. She was a daughter of Przemisl Ottakar, King of Bohemia, and she died in the year 1213. The cover of the vase supports a statuette of Canute himself, the royal Anglo-Dane, with his crown and sceptre, and his mantle of state fastened over his breast with a true Danish morse, as he would have appeared when he rose from his chair beside the advancing waters of the flowing tide. About the neck of the vase is a band formed of early Danish shields, all of them modelled from existing original examples.

At the head of his mythological poem Mr. Barkentin has placed the two other statuettes in full relief, which, with consummate artistic skill, bind together the crowning figure of Canute and the groups of the two medallions and the small heads in the boss of the stem of the vase. These two beautiful figures, which sit within the handles of the vase, are Idun, with the golden apples of perennial youth, the ambrosia of the Scandinavian immortals; and Freia, the Venus of the north, holding the fatal distaff with which she spins the thread of the married life of the children of men.

Conceived with genuine Scandinavian feeling, and executed with masterly power in *repoussé* work of very low relief—the style of Art and the treatment are most happily consistent with the myths that are shadowed forth below and between the two great medallions, and also ascending the outer faces of the handles of the vase, the other mythological figures appear grouped together in close succession.



So admirably has Mr. Barkentin realised in these groups the spirit of Scandinavian mythology, that his figures may be accepted as the true impersonations of the ancient divinities of the northern races.

Below the Thyra medallion the three Nornes, the *Parcae* of Scandinavia, appear seated under the shadow of Ygdrasil, the sacred ash-tree that flourishes throughout space; and on the other side, occupying a corresponding position, the mystic triad, the supreme deities of the northmen, Odin, Vile, and Ve, sit in solemn and lofty meditation. Upon each handle of the vase, soaring upwards, are the Valkyries, the winged "shield maidens," who watch over the earthly career of the warriors of the north, and who also conduct their souls from their last battle-field to the Walhalla. Below them, on one side, standing on Byfrost, the bridge that spans the void between the Walhalla and the earth, is Heindal the Vigilant, a cock on the crest of his helm, with his drawn sword, and blowing his horn—Odin's warder. Lower down, Odin himself sits enthroned, grasping his spear; on either side of him his two tamed wolves and his two ravens—the latter the emblems of the two great faculties of Reflection and Imagination. He contemplates the conflict ever raging between the Aeserne and the Jetterne, the gods and the giants, the adverse principles of good and evil; there, encircled by the club-wielding giants, and supported by his brethren, Thor, girded with his belt of strength, delivers crushing blows with Mjölnir, his cross-formed hammer, short in the shaft. On the other side, enthroned like her lord, Frigga, queen of heaven, consort of Odin, mournfully contemplates the death of the best beloved of her sons, Balder the Beautiful, the god of wisdom and purity and the gentler virtues. As he lies dead at her feet, where he fell pierced by the arrow of mistletoe unwittingly shot at him by Huldur, his blind brother, Frigga conceives the idea that it may be possible to recall her Balder again to life; and, on the instant, she despatches Odin's chief minister Hermod, upon the good steed Sleipner, to confer with Hela, Queen of Helheim, where dwell apart the spirits of those Scandinavians who do not die in battle. Around the prostrate form of their brother stand Thor, and Ydun, and Brage, the poet god, with his harp; and Nanna, Balder's wife, is kneeling, as she knelt before she sank down dead upon her dead husband. At the base of the composition, their groups encircling the vase, the dwarfs Brok and Scindre and their brethren, the skilled artificers, are at work, forging in their mountain caves armour and weapons for the celestial warriors, and forming jewels for them also for their adornment.

After such a fashion as this has Mr. Barkentin sketched in silver for our Princess some of the most characteristic of the mythic legends of the Denmark of her ancestors. Perhaps Her Royal Highness may be disposed to suspect that those dwarfs, yielding to the powerful influence of a fellow-feeling, have lent some of their hammers and their graving-tools to the living goldsmith of human parentage, who works, with his two ravens beside him, in Berners Street.

It will be understood that Mr. Barkentin has received the special permission of H.R.H. the Princess of Wales to reproduce the "Alexandra Vase," in either bronze or electro-silver, as an exact model of his original work. These reproductions, accordingly, may be always seen in the atelier of the artist, and they may there be obtained by persons who may desire to possess models of this noble and interesting work, one whereon much of old Danish poetry—curious in its legends—is figuratively inscribed.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

Much has been, and is, said and written about "the power of the pence;" and it certainly is

marvellous what may be accomplished in time by a few of these comparatively insignificant coins. In this age of cheap and good literature, for example, the "pence" will enable a man to surround himself with a little library of useful and instruc-

tive books, illustrated and printed in a manner which, fifty years ago, the riches of the wealthy could scarcely purchase. Among the publishers who have helped forward this most desirable state of things, Messrs. Cassell & Co. have long taken



LOT'S WIFE.

the lead: the numerous works of every kind circulated by them are, for the most part, positive

* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. Published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, London.

blessings to the great mass of their countrymen. These publishers are issuing in penny numbers, weekly, a beautiful edition of "The Pilgrim's Progress," with engravings by Messrs. Linton, W.

Thomas, and Wentworth, of London, and Messrs. Best and Chapon, of Paris, from designs by Messrs. H. C. Selous and P. Priolo, specimens of which are introduced here. Both artists and

critics may differ as to the style in which Bunyan's characters should appear; some contending

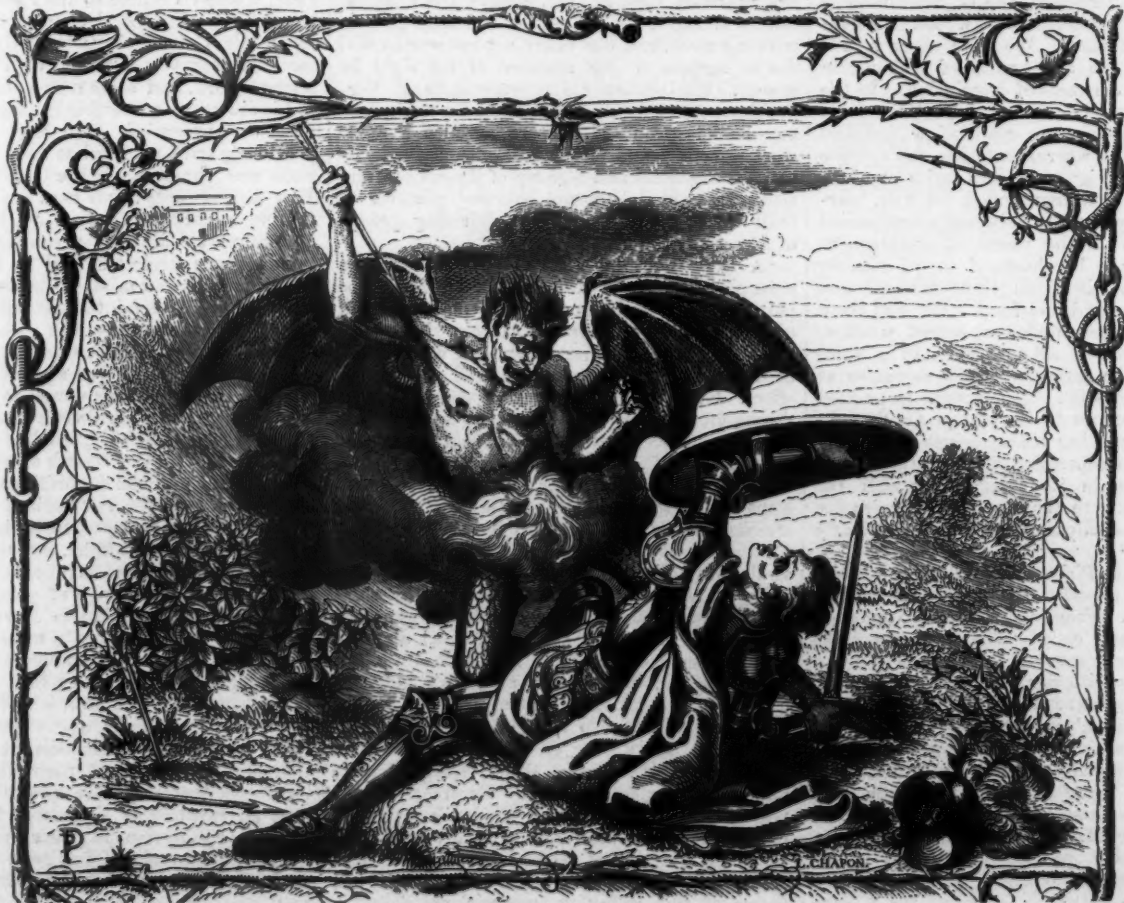
that they ought to be dressed as were the author and his contemporaries. But the allegory is for

all time, the pilgrim and his companions belong to every generation; the artist, therefore, is free



HOPEFUL AND CHRISTIAN.

to follow his own fancy in the matter. Mr. Selous and his fellow-worker lean to the modern school of German illustrators, and we are not



CHRISTIAN'S FIGHT WITH APOLLYON.

disposed to quarrel with them on that account. These designs, with their fanciful enriched bor-

ders, are good in every way, evidencing both thought and imagination, and they are very care-

fully engraved. This edition of Bunyan, when complete, will be fit to find a home in any library.

MR. MORBY'S ART-GALLERY,
CORNHILL.

It is now in the rooms of the most eminent picture-dealers that we must look for those productions of our painters that issue from their studios during the intervals between the exhibitions. Time was when those intervals produced nothing, when the year was employed on a few works, all of which went to the annual exhibition. But large works have disappeared from all periodical picture-shows, for which the many reasons have been discussed in these columns again and again. We live in the days of small pictures; these are produced in countless numbers, and whither they go no man can tell. We were much struck by seeing in Mr. Morby's Art-Gallery, near the Royal Exchange, a picture by Maclise called 'A Warrior's Cradle.' To those who know the severity of Mr. Maclise's application to his 'Death of Nelson' in the Royal Gallery in the House of Lords, it is matter of much surprise that he should find leisure, or that, having the leisure, he should be sufficiently elastic, to disport himself on a small canvas. Almost side by side with this, there is an admirable picture by Roberts, called, we believe, 'The Palatine from the Tiber,' wherein we are placed above the Ponte Rotto, with the old bridge on our right, and facing almost the Cloaca Maxima. Prominent also are the Temple of Fortuna Virilis, the Temple of Vesta, the modern church of the Bocca Della Verità, and many other well-known objects. There is, besides, the famous 'Altar in Seville Cathedral,' painted, we believe, for Louis Philippe.

Strewed about Mr. Morby's rooms are some very attractive foreign pictures; among them is a Rosa Bonheur, from which it requires an effort to rise, having once sat down before it; it is a group of red oxen lying on a hill side. The cattle look Scotch, but the scenery is like the pastures at the foot of the Pyrenees; at any rate, there appears to us in this picture a greater amount of unquestionable perfection than in any of the recent works of this great and original artist. We see here, also, one of Mademoiselle Bonheur's most important works, 'Landais Peasants going to Market.' We have never seen a picture having less appearance of elaboration with so much minuteness of description. By the Belgian Gallait is a picture called 'A Voice from the Prison,' wherein we read of a political prisoner of whose whereabouts his unfortunate family are entirely ignorant. In order to learn, however, where he is imprisoned, his wife, bearing with her their youngest child and accompanied by a son, visits all the places of confinement where she suspects her husband to be, making her son play on his violin those national airs of which her husband was fond. We find them accordingly grouped under a barred window, whence the music is acknowledged by a voice within, which the unhappy family recognise as that of him they seek. The picture is painted rather with reference to the past in Art than in relation with anything characteristic of the modern schools; unobtrusive in everything, but deeply touching in its sentiment, which the painter commends to the observer in preference to any resource of *chique*, which is most studiously avoided.

About Mr. F. R. Pickersgill's 'Olivia and Viola' there can be no mistake; the figures point at once to their source. From this we turn to another, by the same hand, called 'The Path where the Brown Leaves are spread,' in which appears a mother playing with her child on a wood-side bank. By the same artist there is a second picture, 'A Bacchante,' an early work, it may be presumed, as wanting the brilliancy of his present manner. 'Romance,' by Alexander Johnston, is a life-sized figure of a girl sitting in deep thought with her head supported by her hand.

The 'Fête de Mariage,' painted long ago by Frederick Goodall, presents beauties of colour and arrangement unsurpassed by even his late works. This is the sketch, so called, for a large picture painted some twenty years since, and really more full of figures than his 'Village Fair.' 'The Swing,' also by him, is a section of the large picture known by that name, and not less brilliant

or finished. Also by the same, 'The Opium Bazaar at Cairo,' which was in the Academy last season. One of Lance's pictures of 1851 is here, 'Modern Fruit and Medieval Art,' in which appears a selection of very choice fruit, and two chased and carved tankards, such as are seen in cabinets of rare curiosities. In colour the painter seems here to have outdone himself; this is, perhaps, the richest distribution of high tints he has achieved. 'Auld Lang Syne' is the title of a picture by Clark (him of 'The Sick Child'), in which are two children, a boy and a girl, on a hill side, the former, we are to suppose, giving forth the famous Scotch song at the top of his voice. 'The Duke of Guise crossing the Barricades,' is a very crowded composition by Bourgoïn, a pupil of Paul Delaroche. The scene is near the Place de la Grève, and the duke having quitted his house, which is on the spot, is saluted and cheered by crowds of soldiers and citizens, who throw down their arms at his feet. 'Trimming the Harbour Light,' is the title of one of Eugene Le Poittevin's characteristic sketches. The subject is a man preparing a lamp at the entrance to some small seaport in France. The works of this painter, though always small, are remarkably full of point, at times very quaint, but always clearly and forcibly described. 'The Pet Rabbit,' and 'The School Teacher's Visit,' by Edward Hughes, are domestic subjects, bright with high light and powerful colour. In one of Van Schendel's candlelight subjects we see a girl at a market stall buying vegetables; the effect is as successful as those of the best examples of the artist. 'The Widow,' an early picture by Webster, presents a mother with her two children, the latter gleefully blowing bubbles while she dwells sorrowfully on her bereavement. 'Euphrosyne,' an important work by Frost, is one of those poetic conceptions of which we fear we have seen the last, for the failure of Mr. Frost's eyesight compels him to abandon high finish and small pictures. Beautiful and true as are throngs of the domesticities that shine forth among the pictures which annually cover our exhibition walls, we cannot but regret that such Art as Frost's should become extinct. By a picture of Verboekhoven we are reminded that he, too, suffers from partial failure of sight, but the gallant old man goes on with his work, and like many not less worthy will die in harness if the remnant of his sight be spared. The picture which reminds us of Verboekhoven's affliction is as carefully worked as any he has produced. There are also a noble work—the latest bequest of Duffield; the landscape background and a group of figures by John Gilbert; two elaborately coloured pictures of fruit by E. Landell; and two charming groups of flowers by the Misses Mutrie.

'A Dewy Morning,' H. Moore, is a genuine example of the Young England class of landscape painting. The conditions of the theme are worked out earnestly "on the spot," without thought of what is understood as execution, and without any attention to formerly acknowledged precepts of effect. It is a broad, rough-cast landscape, flushed throughout with the modest morning light, according to the actual distribution at the time. 'The Bird Keeper,' C. S. Lidderdale, is a country boy with an old pistol, kneeling as ready for a shot at some of the feathered depredators against whose attacks it is his duty to guard his master's corn. By the same is another called 'In want of a Halfpenny,' wherein is a girl looking very wishfully at the biscuits and sweets in the shop window of a small country huckster. Another picture by Frost, called 'The Graces,' abounds with passages of the most refined feeling. In 'His Portrait,' by Elmore, appears a lady reclining on a couch and contemplating a miniature. In addition to the pictures named, are 'Highland Mary,' by G. C. Stanfield, others by Faed, E. W. Cooke, R.A., George Smith, and an admirable picture by Gérôme, him of the 'Ave Caesar,' &c.; the subject is 'A Turk at Prayer at the Entrance of a Mosque,' two charming examples of Miss Mutrie, and many of Edward Frère. With these we conclude our notice of this collection, wherein are found a number of recently painted pictures which have not been seen, so far as our recollection extends, in any public exhibition.

ST. ANDREW'S HALL, NORWICH.

ORIGINALLY intended to be regarded and used as a church of almost cathedral importance, this fine building has long done good service in the capacity of a civic Hall in the capital city of what we may now distinguish as the royal county of Norfolk. At an early time the destiny of this edifice was changed from ecclesiastical to secular purposes; the central tower, accordingly, was demolished when this change was carried into effect, the projection of the transept was cut short, and the spacious nave, with its aisles and the crossing, formed the Hall, the possession of which any of our provincial cities, or even the metropolis itself, might regard with complacent satisfaction. Very recently it was resolved to take in hand in earnest such a work of restoration as would both make good whatever had been affected by the lapse of time, and also would render the Hall architecturally perfect as an example of Gothic civic buildings. Nothing could be more laudable than the project, which thus it was the voluntary pleasure of the citizens of Norwich to carry into effect. Their hall was a very fine hall, but it needed both reparation and decoration; and various subordinate structures, such as an entrance-porch, refreshment-rooms, &c., were wanting to make it complete. It will be observed, that in this instance a very fine though a late Gothic edifice, which had been designed and built to be a mediæval church, had to be restored and adorned in its existing capacity as a civic hall; accordingly, while carefully working in the spirit of the style as the original builders had treated that style, the restoring architect had before him an admirable opportunity for showing the comprehensive and elastic character of Gothic architecture, by assimilating his entire work of restoration to the present secular appropriation of the building—the hall was to be restored and decorated as a hall, as a Gothic hall, as a Gothic hall also which had been originally intended to be a church. It would have been an easy task for an architect who was a thorough master of Gothic architecture to have given a true civic tone to the restored hall, without in the slightest degree depriving it of its essentially Gothic character. Unfortunately, a local architect was entrusted with this really important work, and some earnest efforts to call in to his aid such a consulting colleague as Mr. G. G. Scott were overruled. The local gentleman had previously tried his hand at civic Gothic restorations and alterations in the Guildhall of the old East Anglian city; and here his most wretched failure might have served to have saved the St. Andrew's Hall from a similar fate. But the warning was neglected, and so the second and much more serious mischief has been perpetrated. Without even the faintest indication of any true Gothic feeling whatever, but with abundant evidence of an absolute misconception of the fundamental principles of the style, the restorer has done all that was in his power to suppress every vestige of secular architecture, and he has left St. Andrew's Hall as much like a bad modern imitation of an early church as he could contrive to make it; and the decorations are as bad in every respect as the restorations and the structural additions. Restorations, indeed, are very commonly perilous affairs, and this is about the worst restoration that has fallen under our notice.

Surely there is enough of public spirit as well as of artistic knowledge in Norwich to do this work over again as it ought to be done, and as it still might be done. The money already expended has bought experience at a high price; but still it has bought it; and now, with this costly experience to guide them, the citizens of Norwich really are bound to undertake the second restoration and decoration of their Hall. They will not forget that they have constantly before their eyes an example of singularly felicitous architectural restoration in their noble church of St. Peter Mancroft. That good work, indeed, is yet unfinished; so that the citizens of Norwich may still achieve the two-fold honour of completing one very good restoration, and substituting another that shall be equally good in the stead of the very bad one, of which they must be thoroughly ashamed.

HISTORY OF CARICATURE AND OF GROTESQUE IN ART.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A., F.S.A.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

CHAPTER XIV.—The caricature of the Reformation continued.—The Pope-ass and the Monk-calf.—Other caricatures against the Pope.—The good and bad shepherds.

THE monstrous figures of animals which had amused the sculptors and miniaturists of an earlier period came in time to be looked upon as realities, and were not only regarded with wonder as physical deformities, but were objects of superstition, for they were believed to be sent into the world as warnings of great revolutions and calamities. During the age preceding the Reformation the reports of the births or discoveries of such monsters were very common, and engravings of them were no doubt profitable articles of merchandise among the early book-hawkers. Two of these were very celebrated in the time of the Reformation, the Pope-ass and the Monk-calf, and were published and republished with an explanation under the names of Luther and Melancthon, which made them emblematical of the papacy and of the abuses of the Romish church, and, of course, prognostications of their approaching exposure and fall. It was pretended that the Pope-ass was found dead in the river Tiber, at Rome, in the year 1496. It is represented in our cut No. 1, taken from an engraving



Fig. 1.—THE POPE-ASS.

preserved in a very curious volume of broadside Lutheran caricatures, in the library of the British Museum, all belonging to the year 1545, though it had been published many years before. The head of an ass, we are told, represented the Pope himself, with his false and carnal doctrines. The right hand resembled the foot of an elephant, signifying the spiritual power of the Pope, which was heavy, and stamped down and crushed people's consciences. The left hand was that of a man, signifying the worldly power of the Pope, which grasped at universal empire over kings and princes. The right foot was that of an ox, signifying the spiritual ministers of the papacy, the doctors of the church, the preachers, confessors, and scholastic theologians, and especially the monks and nuns, those who aided and supported the Pope in oppressing people's bodies and souls. The left foot was that of a griffin, an animal which, when it once seizes its prey, never lets it escape, and signified the canonists, the ministers of the Pope's temporal power, who grasped people's temporal goods, and never returned them. The breast and belly of this monster were those of a woman, and signified the papal body, the cardinals, bishops, priests, monks, &c., who spent their lives in eating, drinking, and incontinence; and this part of the body was naked, because the popish clergy were not ashamed to

expose their vices to the public. The legs, arms, and neck, on the contrary, were clothed with fishes' scales; these signified the temporal princes and lords, which were mostly in alliance with the papacy. The old man's head behind the monster, meant that the papacy had become old, and was approaching its end; and the head of a dragon, vomiting flames, which served for a tail, was significative of the great threats, the venomous horrible bulls and blasphemous writings, which the pontiff and his ministers, enraged at seeing their end approach, were launching into the world against all who opposed them. These explanations were supported by apt quotations from the Scriptures, and were so effective, and became so popular,



Fig. 2.—THE MONK-CALF.

that the picture was published in various shapes, and was seen adorning the walls of the humblest cottages. I believe it is still to be met with in a similar position in some parts of Germany. It was considered at the time to be a masterly piece of satire. The picture of the Monk-calf, which is represented in our cut No. 2, was published at the same time, and usually accompanies it. This monster is said to have been born at Freyburg,



Fig. 3.—THE HEAD OF THE PAPACY.

in Misnia, and is simply a rather coarse emblem of the monachal character.

The volume of caricatures just mentioned contains several satires on the Pope, which are all very bitter, and many of them clever. One has a movable leaf, which covers the upper part of the picture; when it is down, we have a representation of the Pope in his ceremonial robes, and over it the inscription ALEX · VI · PONT · MAX. Pope Alexander VI. was the infamous Roderic Borgia, a man stained with all the crimes and vices which strike most horror into men's minds. When the

leaf is raised, another figure joins itself with the lower part of the former, and represents a papal demon, crowned, the cross being transformed into an instrument of infernal punishment. This figure is represented in our cut No. 3. Above it are inscribed the words EGO · SVM · PAPA, "I am the Pope." Attached to it is a page of explanation in German, in which the legend of that Pope's death is given, a legend that his wicked life appeared sufficient to sanction. It was said that, distrusting the success of his intrigues to secure the papacy for himself, he applied himself to the study of the black art, and sold himself to the Evil One. He then asked the tempter if it was his destiny to be Pope, and received an answer in the affirmative. He next inquired how long he should hold the papacy, but Satan returned an equivocal and deceptive answer, for Borgia understood that he was to be Pope fifteen years, whereas he died at the end of eleven. It is well known that Pope Alexander VI. died suddenly and unexpectedly through accidentally drinking the poisoned wine he had prepared with his own hand for another man.

An Italian theatre wrote a poem against the Reformation, in which he made Luther the offspring of Megxra, one of the furies, who is represented as having been sent from hell into Germany to be delivered of him. This sarcasm was thrown back upon the Pope with much greater effect by the Lutheran caricaturists. One of the plates in the above-mentioned volume represents the "birth and origin of the Pope" (*ortus et origo Papæ*),



Fig. 4.—THE POPE'S NURSE.

making the Pope identical with Antichrist. In different groups, in this rather elaborate design, the child is represented as attended by the three furies, Megxra acting as his wet-nurse, Alecto as nursery maid, and Tisiphone in another capacity, &c. The name of Martin Luther is added to this caricature also.

"Hie wird geboren der Widerchrist.
Megera sein Seugamme ist;
Alecto sein Kindermeidlin,
Tisiphone die gengelt in."
M. Luth., D. 1545.

One of the groups in this plate, representing the fury, Megxra, a becoming foster-mother, suckling the Pope-infant, is given in the preceding cut, No. 4.

In another of these caricatures the Pope is represented trampling on the emperor, to show the manner in which he usurped and tyrannised over the temporal power. Another illustrates "the kingdom of Satan and the Pope" (*regnum Satana et Papæ*), and the latter is represented as presiding over hell-mouth in all his state. One, given in our cut No. 5, represents the Pope under the form of an ass playing on the bagpipes, and is entitled *Papa doctor theologiæ et magister fidei*. Four lines of German verse beneath the engraving state how "the Pope can alone expound Scripture and purge error, just as the ass alone can pipe and touch the notes correctly."

"Der Bapet kan allein auslegen
Die Echrift, und irthum auslegen;
Wie der esel allein pfeiffen
Kan, und die noten recht greiffen."—1545.

This was the last year of Luther's active labours. At the commencement of the year following he died at Eisleben, whither he had gone to attend the council of princes. These caricatures may perhaps be considered as so many

proclamations of satisfaction and exultation in the final triumph of the great reformer.

Books, pamphlets, and prints of this kind were multiplied to an extraordinary degree during the age of the Reformation, but the majority of



Fig. 5.—THE POPE GIVING THE TUNE.

them were in the interest of the new movement. Luther's opponent, Eckius, complained of the infinite number of people who gained their living by wandering over all parts of Germany, and selling Lutheran books.* Among those who administered largely to this circulation of polemic books was the poet of farces, comedies, and ballads, Hans Sachs, already mentioned. Hans Sachs had in one poem, published in 1535, celebrated Luther under the title of "the Wittenberg Nightingale":—

"Die Wittenbergisch' Nachtigall,
Die man jetzt höret überall;"

and described the effects of his song over all the other animals; and he published, also in verse, what he called a Monument, or Lament, on his death ("Ein Denkmal oder Klagred' ob der Leiche Doktors Martin Luther"). Among the numerous broadsides published by Hans Sachs, one con-

tains the very clever caricature of which we give a copy in our cut No. 6. It is entitled "Der gut Hirt und böss Hirt," the good shepherd and bad shepherd, and has for its text the opening verses of the tenth chapter of the gospel of St. John. The good and bad shepherds are, as may be supposed, Christ and the Pope. The church is here pictured as a not very stately building; the entrance, especially, is a plain structure of timber. Jesus said to the Pharisees, "He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the flock." In the engraving, the Pope, as the hireling shepherd, sits on the roof of the stateliest part of the building, pointing out to the Christian flock the wrong way, and blessing the climbers. Under him two men of worldly distinction are making their way into the church through a window; and on a roof below a friar is pointing the way up to the people. At another window a monk holds out his arms to invite people up; and one in spectacles, no doubt emblematical of the doctors of the church, is looking out from an opening over the entrance door to watch the proceedings of the good shepherd. To the right, on the papal side of the church, the lords and great men are bringing the people under their influence, till they are stopped by the cardinals and bishops, who prevent them from going forward to the door, and point out very energetically the way up the roof. At the door stands the Saviour, as the good shepherd, who has knocked, and the porter has opened it with his key. Christ's true teachers, the evangelists, show the way to the solitary man of worth who comes by this road, and who listens with calm attention to the gospel teachers, while he opens his purse to bestow his charity on the poor man by the road side. In the original engraving, in the distance on the left, the good shepherd is seen followed by his flock, who are obedient to his voice; on the right, the bad shepherd, who has ostentatiously drawn up his sheep round the image of the cross, is seen abandoning them, and taking to flight on the approach of the wolf. "He that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth; and the sheep hear his voice, and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him, for they know his voice. . . . But he that



Fig. 6.—THE TWO SHEPHERDS.

is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth; and the wolf catch-

* Infinitus jam erat numerus qui victum ex Lutheranis libris queritantes, in speciem bibliopolarum longe lateque per Germaniæ provincias vagabantur.—Echl., p. 58.

eth them, and scattereth the sheep." (John x. 2—4, 12.)

The triumph of Luther is the subject of a rather large and elaborate caricature, which is an engraving of great rarity, but a copy of it is given in Jaime's "Musée de Caricature." Leo X.

is represented seated on his throne upon the edge of the abyss, into which his cardinals are trying to prevent his falling; but their efforts are rendered vain by the appearance of Luther on the other side, supported by his principal adherents, and wielding the Bible as his weapon, and the Pope is overthrown, in spite of the support he receives from a vast host of popish clergy, doctors, &c.

The popish writers against Luther charged him with vices for which there was probably no foundation, and invented the most scandalous stories against him. They accused him, among other things, of drunkenness and licentiousness; and there may, perhaps, be some allusion to the latter charge in our cut No. 7, which is taken



Fig. 7.—MURNER AND LUTHER'S DAUGHTER.

from one of the comic illustrations to Murner's book, "Von dem grossen Lutherischen Narren," which was published in 1522; but, at all events, it will serve as a specimen of these illustrations, and of Murner's fancy of representing himself with the head of a cat. In 1525, Luther married a nun who had turned protestant and quitted her convent, named Catherine de Bora, and this became the signal to his opponents for indulging in abusive songs, and satires, and caricatures, most of them too coarse and indelicate to be described in our columns. In many of the caricatures made on this occasion, which are usually woodcut illustrations to books written against



Fig. 8.—LUTHER AND CALVIN.

the reformer, Luther is represented dancing with Catherine de Bora, or sitting at table with a glass in his hand. An engraving of this kind, which forms one of the illustrations to a work by Dr. Konrad Wimpina, one of the reformer's violent opponents, represents Luther's marriage. It is divided into three compartments; to the left, Luther, whom the catholics always represented in the character of a monk, gives the marriage ring

to Catherine de Bora, and above them, in a sort of aureole, is inscribed the word *Vovete*; on the right appears the nuptial bed, with the curtains drawn, and the inscription *Reddite*; and in the middle the monk and nun are dancing joyously together, and over their heads we read the words—

"Discedat ab aris
Cui tulit hesternis gaudia nocte Venus."

While Luther was heroically fighting the great fight of reform in Germany, the foundation of religious reform was laid in France by John Calvin, a man equally sincere and zealous in the cause, but of a totally different temper, and he espoused doctrines and forms of church government which a Lutheran would not admit. Literary satire was used with great effect by the French Calvinists against their popish opponents, but they have left us few caricatures or burlesque engravings of any kind; at least, very few belonging to the earlier part of their history. Jaime, in his "*Musée de Caricature*," has given a copy of a very rare plate, representing the Pope struggling with Luther and Calvin, as his two assailants. Both are tearing the Pope's hair, but it is Calvin who is here armed with the Bible, with which he is striking at Luther, who is pulling him by the beard. The Pope has his hand upon Luther's head. This scene takes place in the choir of a church, but I give here only the group of the three combatants, intended to represent how the two great opponents to papal corruptions were hostile at the same time to each other.

OBITUARY.

WILLIAM BEHNES.

It must be now nearly half a century since the above name first appeared in the catalogues of the Royal Academy, and more than fifty years since that name was inscribed on the books of the Academy. William Behnes, the eminent sculptor, died in the Middlesex Hospital on the 7th of January. His age can only be guessed, for he leaves behind him no relation who could speak to the fact, nor any one to whom he ever communicated it, supposing he himself knew the date of his birth, which may be questioned. As a bust sculptor—especially in male portraiture—Behnes acquired the highest reputation. Perhaps no artist of ancient or modern times has prepared for the chisel with his own hands so many busts as this sculptor. From a very early period his success was confirmed; he seems to have begun life with a command of the materials of his art which many never acquire, even after a life of labour, and which a few approach only after years of study and practice. In the work in which he so much excelled, he allowed himself no assistance; the finish of his heads, not less than the beginning, was his own. Under his small thin hand the clay hastened into form with a softness of line and surface inimitable by the touch of another. With ordinary heads his principle was "flesh to flesh;" he did not exalt them so that they should not be recognised by friends. To these, with infinite beauty of modelling, he imparted an agreeable address with a most inviting expression. On the other hand, with thinking heads he dealt otherwise; if there was anything leonine or Jupiter-like in them, the result was an essay of much grandeur, and without the interchange of any commonplace with the observer. These heads were full of inward meaning. The busts of women that passed from the hands of Behnes were not numerous, although his early promise in this direction also bade fair to stop nothing short of his accomplishment in the other. In support of this view may be mentioned the bust of Lady Southampton, and that other, the name of the lady we forget, which struck Sir Thomas Lawrence so forcibly that he predicted a brilliant future for an artist who was so much a master of his art as to produce such a work. But subsequently his female portraiture was not what we look for in the busts of women.

William Behnes was generally considered a native of Ireland, but he was born in London about 1794. His father was a Hanoverian, the son of a physician,

but his mother was an Englishwoman. In his native city the elder Behnes was brought up as a pianoforte maker, but his elder brother having studied for his father's profession, entered the English navy, and served as surgeon on board the *Cumberland*. According to German custom, the father of the sculptor, when he had fulfilled the articles of his apprenticeship, left home to travel, with a view to improvement in his craft. He came to London, where he sought and obtained employment, and must have married not long afterwards. The fruit of this marriage was three sons—the subject of this notice, who was the eldest, Henry, the name of the second, and Charles, the youngest. Henry (who changed his name to that of Burlowe), a person of sterling character and generous impulses, died in Rome about the year 1834, having sacrificed his life in devotion to those of his friends who had been seized with cholera. Charles, the youngest, who from his youth had been an invalid, died at the house of William Behnes about ten years after. The three brothers were all born in London, but shortly after the birth of the youngest, the family went to Ireland, where the father exercised his calling, but never, it appears, did he attain to the position of a master profiting by the labours of others. As soon as William Behnes could handle his father's tools, he assisted him in his work, and it was intended that he too should be a pianoforte maker, and as a workman he soon became remarkably skilful. But the pencil was never out of his hand, and such was his success as a draughtsman, that he entered a public drawing-school in Dublin, where he distinguished himself by the accuracy and finish of his studies. On their return to London, the family settled near the Tower, the father and son still working at the manufacture of pianofortes. The latter continued, as well as he could, the cultivation of his taste for Art, and with the entire approbation of his parents, who were proud of his success in that direction, for he was already advanced. But in order to push such a profession as that of Art, it was found that an obscure lodging in the far east of London was not the best site, and it was perhaps this feeling that induced a removal westward. We hear of Behnes next in Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, but whether the removal to that residence was direct or otherwise, does not appear. In Charles Street, however, he must have been in practice as a portraitist, and there he arrived at the turning point that fixed him for life as a sculptor. His portraits on vellum are among the most beautiful we have ever seen on that material. There was resident in the same house a French sculptor, an old man of refined taste and gentlemanly bearing, and it was from seeing his works and his practice that Henry Behnes first, then William, formed the resolution of settling definitively to sculpture as their profession. But the difference in the instant apprehension of form and manipulative power between the two brothers was very remarkable. The composition of the one was hard, piecemeal, and disjointed; while the modelling of the other was rapid, certain, soft, and accurate. At this time William Behnes was a student of the Royal Academy, and in practice of a highly remunerative kind as a portrait draughtsman. His success induced him to remove, with, we believe, his parents and relations, to a more commodious residence—No. 31, Newman Street. The house, by the way, does not now commend itself by its outward appearance; little has been done in the way of refecting against the wear and tear of a long series of years. The same knocker that announced the sitters of William Behnes six or seven and forty years ago, is yet constant to its round of duty, though since the sculptor's time its calls have been less peremptory. We may here join in a regret frequently expressed by Behnes, that he had not been a painter instead of a sculptor. He had all the gifts for a distinguished, perhaps not a great, portrait-painter; but it is probable that he would not have limited himself to portraits, with the facility of drawing wherewith he was gifted. Even in the midst of his successes as a sculptor, he was not without regret that he had not established himself as a painter, and of late years he has thoughtfully said, "I should like to paint a picture before I die."

Behnes had not to wait for patronage, and then

only obtain it by degrees. He was at once adopted by the wealthiest in the country, by patrons of noble and royal estate. But the tide set in too soon; he was morally too infirm to bear up against the trials of prosperity. One of his earliest sculptural works was a bust of the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Barrington, who held that then enormously wealthy see from youth to advanced age. This bust was modelled in Cavendish Square, where the bishop resided on coming to town. It was carved by Behnes himself in Newman Street—an example of delicate chiselling perhaps as a whole never surpassed. He executed also a bust of Young, the actor; another of Lord Barrington, Rector of Sedgefield, and a nephew of the Bishop of Durham; and we believe that these commissions led to another for the statue of young Lambton, the same so well known from Sir Thomas Lawrence's picture. This statue, begun and completed at Lambton Castle, occupied the sculptor more than six months.

With these might be mentioned many other important works, but it is enough to say that profitable employment flowed in so fast that the house in Newman Street was a sphere much too confined to enable the sculptor to meet the demands made upon his genius. The result was a removal to premises in Dean Street, Soho, a place selected without judgment, being altogether unsuited to the exigencies of the profession of sculpture. It was therefore necessary to endeavour to adapt the house and offices to the wants of an artist in marble by the construction of a modelling room at once fitted for sitters and sufficiently lofty to admit of the treatment of a colossal figure. Thus were immediately begun, but never completed, alterations so costly as to initiate a complication of responsibilities, each of which, in its acquittance, generated a succession of others equally prolific, inasmuch that the sculptor lived encompassed by these traditional troubles during forty years of his life. These difficulties, however, were of the ordinary kind that are overcome by common prudence. At this time Behnes's moral reputation began to suffer from irregularities which mark a man even among the "indifferently honest." This was one of the two principal motives that induced Henry Behnes to change his name to Burlowe; the other was an apprehension that the works of two brothers in the same profession might have been confounded. There was, however, no ground for such a fear, for Henry Burlowe, in every way superior to his brother as a man, was his inferior as an artist. A suppression of allusion to the entanglements amid which Behnes struggled so long, would, in his case, be a piece of unpardonable affectation, inasmuch as his position through life was known, not only to the profession, but also to that extensive circle of the public who knew him, not more by his works than his eccentricities.

The great majority of his busts, and all his large statues, were executed in Osnaburg Street, where he resided the greater part of his professional life. He held, till his death, the appointment of Sculptor in Ordinary to the Queen, but the distinction was so purely honorary that it did not produce a single commission. This, without question, was his own fault. We can speak of only a few of his works. Than his bust of Clarkson we have never seen anything finer in modern or even in ancient Art. Of very high character are also his busts of Lord Lyndhurst, Mr. D'Israeli, the late Bishop of London, Mr. Grote, the Duke of York, the late King of Hanover, Mr. Macready, and especially famous was he for his marble portraiture of children. His bust of the Queen, at the age of four or five years, is a masterpiece; and equally meritorious are those of the present Duke of Cambridge and his cousin, the reigning King of Hanover, both boys of about ten years of age.

Behnes executed many colossal statues, but these were by no means comparable with his busts. The best of these works is the statue of Dr. Babington, in St. Paul's Cathedral, which is a figure possessing so many admirable points as to cause surprise that other statues by the same hand should be so defective. There were several statues of the late Sir Robert Peel erected by him—one in the City, another at Leeds, and a third elsewhere. In Dublin there is a colossal statue of George IV., and a sitting figure of Baron Joy.

The last of his statues, Havelock, in Trafalgar Square, is the least worthy of all. He had made a posthumous bust of Sir Henry for the family, and in a competition which took place to appoint a sculptor for the statue, the likeness of the late General in Behnes's model was considered so successful, that it was perhaps this that determined the selection of his model, than which, in bronze, few things are worse. This model was repeated also in bronze for Sunderland, the native place of Havelock. The history of these two statues form certainly one of the most melancholy chapters in the artist's life; but we have no space for details.

During the latter years of Behnes's residence in Osnaburg Street, his difficulties increased so much upon him, that, compelled to yield to the adverse tide, he became a bankrupt in 1861. After this event, which swept from him nearly all the mementoes of the labours of his life, he was not the same man. He declined daily, and died of paralysis, in Middlesex Hospital, whither he had been conveyed from his miserable lodgings in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square; and thus terminated a career which might have been one of the most brilliant in the history of our Art. William Behnes might have died ripe in honours and laden with riches honourably won. Fortune became at last weary of lavishing her gifts upon him, but had the prodigal, even late in life, made any effort to amend his short-comings, he might yet have possessed a competence. The story of the latter part of his career is indeed melancholy, adding another to the not too rare instances of men of genius falling victims to their own self-indulgence.

The remains of the deceased sculptor were deposited in Kensal Green Cemetery, on January the 12th. The circumstances and comparative suddenness of his death were not generally known to his professional brethren, or there is no doubt a larger number would have been present at the funeral. Among those, and others, who attended, were Mr. George Cruikshank, Mr. Woolner, Mr. J. Edwards, Mr. Fontana, Mr. Morton Edwards, Dr. Babington, &c.

SIR FRANCIS EDWARD SCOTT, BART.

THOUGH not coming within the ordinary range of our necrological remarks, the death of this gentleman, in November last, ought not to pass unnoticed by us, for he was an ardent lover of Art, and a liberal and enlightened supporter of all movements for Art-education, as was evinced by his solicitude for the Government School of Art at Birmingham, by his offers of special prizes for design, while the deep interest he took in the progress of architecture, and the ability he showed in advocating his views on the subject, were made manifest by his able pamphlet on the Foreign Office question.

Sir Francis Scott resided near Birmingham, and this brought him into connection with every great work of a public social character carried on in that locality. To the Midland Counties Institute he rendered invaluable services, sparing neither his purse nor more active labour to advance its prosperity and usefulness; and its supporters must no doubt cherish a grateful remembrance of the zeal and ability which he displayed as chairman of the Canvassing Committee appointed to obtain the funds requisite to liquidate the heavy building debt. In the movement for the purchase of Aston Hall and Park—a subject which has recently been brought before the public in a manner not very complimentary to the people of Birmingham—as an aid to the cause of popular progress in this town, he bore a conspicuous part; and, in addition to the time and energy which he devoted to that undertaking, he generously, at his sole expense, fitted up one of the rooms with the publications of the Arundel Society. A local journal has well summed up, in a few brief but eloquent sentences, the character of Sir Francis as the type of an English gentleman:—"True, upright, and honourable, no word of his required any one to certify it; no deed of his could reflect shame upon the doer. Open-hearted and liberal, ready to help, quick to praise, a warm friend, a noble adversary, Sir Francis has left to his young children the glorious inheritance of a good and an unsullied name."

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE BAY OF BAÏE.

(APOLLO AND THE SIBYL.)

Engraved by R. Brandard.

ON the western shore of the Bay of Naples, between Lake Lucrino and Cape Misenum, and opposite to the town of Puzzoli, the ancient Puteoli, stood, many centuries ago, the seaport town of Baïe, a celebrated watering-place in the reign of the Cæsars. On a cliff above the sea stands the castle of Baïe, or as it is now commonly called, Baja; it is a comparatively modern structure—we see it between the two fir-trees in the picture—having two ranges of batteries which command the roadsteads, and is garrisoned. Below it, and almost in the centre of the picture, is another building, presumed to be the remains of the Temple of Venus, as it is known the goddess had a temple erected here to her honour. "It is an elegant structure, octagonal outside, but circular in its internal area, the diameter of which is about ninety feet. Adjoining to the temple are several small rooms, having on the walls stucco reliefs, representing amatory subjects." The association of Baïe and its neighbourhood with the Roman emperors is matter of history, or is assumed on good grounds to be so. Julius Cæsar and Nero had villas here, Augustus frequently visited its pleasant shores, and his nephew, young Marcellus, presumptive heir to the crown, died at Baïe, having been recommended to try its waters and climate. Under the profligate rulers who succeeded Augustus, the place became, according to Seneca, the scene of the grossest immoralities, in the practice of which Tiberius, Caligula, Nero, and Caracalla were notoriously conspicuous. The first of these monarchs died in the villa erected by Caius Marius on the pinnacle of the promontory of Misenum. Hortensius, the rival of Cicero, had a villa at Baïi, near to Baïe, where several of the emperors subsequently resided, and where Nero had his last interview with his mother. The attempt to drown Agrippina took place off Baïe; but she was afterwards murdered in her own villa, near the Lucrino Lake.

Baïe is also celebrated in mythological narrative. "Near the immediate foreground of this picture," writes Mr. Wornum, in his notice of the painting, "are Cumæ and the Lake Avernus, which was supposed to be the overflowing of Acheron, the river of the infernal regions, and hence the entrance to those regions. Here, on its banks, the ancients sacrificed to Hecate. It was here that Ulysses descended into Hades to consult the soul of Tiresias; and here the Sibyl was consulted by Æneas. This Sibyl, the same who was treated with by Tarquin, and was the author of the Sibylline verses, resided in a cave or grotto near this lake."

To all acquainted with classic history and its fabulous stories, Turner's beautiful picture must possess additional charms from the association of events with it. Though the painter, as was his custom, has taken abundant liberty with the subject, there is still enough of truth in its general features to identify it with the people who have dwelt there, and the events which are assumed to have occurred in those regions. The composition is peculiarly striking and elegant, if the latter term may be applied to a landscape. A rich and varied scene of mingled architectural ruins, sloping hills covered with verdure, mountains, and tranquil water, all expressed with a delicious tenderness of colour and fervour of feeling, constitute this picture as one of the most glorious pure landscapes Turner ever painted. It belongs to the early part of his second period, having been exhibited at the Academy in 1823. It is now in the National Collection.

The episode of Apollo and the Sibyl, introduced by the artist, connects the locality with the history of the past. Apollo, enamoured of the Sibyl, consented to give her what she asked for—as many years of life as she held grains of sand in her hand; but as she omitted to include in her request those blessings which would alone enable her to enjoy a lengthened existence—youth and health—she became old, ugly, and decrepid, and, at length, it is said, gradually wasted away till nothing was left but her voice.

ART IN IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Saturday, January 30, was "a great day for Ireland;" a statue to William Dargan was "unveiled," and a national gallery inaugurated, the high priest on both occasions being the eloquent and excellent Earl of Carlisle. The International Exhibition held in Dublin, in 1853, cannot be forgotten; it was formed and sustained by the purse of Mr. Dargan, a wealthy and enterprising railway contractor. At the close it was resolved to erect a statue of the liberal gentleman who had made a large pecuniary sacrifice for the benefit of his country. After waiting ten years, it has been erected on the site of the exhibition building, and happily Mr. Dargan is alive to witness this record of national gratitude. The statue is the work of Mr. Thomas Farrell, A.R.A., and, according to reports in Dublin newspapers, is a production of considerable merit. No living speaker "puts a case" more aptly and gracefully than Lord Carlisle; he is always happy in paying a compliment. We cannot do better than quote his words when directing the statue of William Dargan to be uncovered:—

"We raise his statue because he supplies a memorable instance of how a simple, earnest, honest man, without any help from birth or fortune, by the energetic exercise of the faculties which God has given him, may not only raise himself to a commanding level beyond his own original position, but may also confer signal benefits upon the men of his day, and upon the country which has learned to be proud of him, and thus prides to show it. And we place his statue here because on this very ground before it was that the patient zeal, the strong faith, the disinterested liberality of Mr. Dargan brought to a successful issue that great Dublin Exhibition which gave a fresh impulse to the undertakings of Art and Science, of which we see the imposing monuments before us."

When this ceremony had terminated, Lord Carlisle proceeded to inaugurate the National Gallery of Ireland. Mr. G. F. Mulvany read an address to a very numerous assembly of the rank, wealth, and intelligence of Ireland. The first stone of the building was laid on the 29th January, 1859. It has been erected partly by subscriptions and partly by parliamentary grants. It already contains a good collection of pictures; of these seventy-one have been obtained by purchase, thirty-one have been deposited by the trustees of the London Gallery, twenty-five have been presented, and one oil painting, a portrait of Lady Morgan, and the Taylor collection of water-colour drawings, numbering one hundred and three, have been bequeathed. The gallery is in its infancy, but it is sure to gather strength with years. No doubt party feelings and animosities are dying out in Ireland; with their decay the Arts will flourish, and true patriotism be exerted, on all sides, to benefit and improve that country. The Lord-Lieutenant rightly said—

"The previous course of Irish history has scarcely run smooth enough to foster the growth of galleries or museums of the Fine Arts; while, at the same time, neither the Irish mind or the Irish hand have shown any want of susceptibility or adaptation to them."

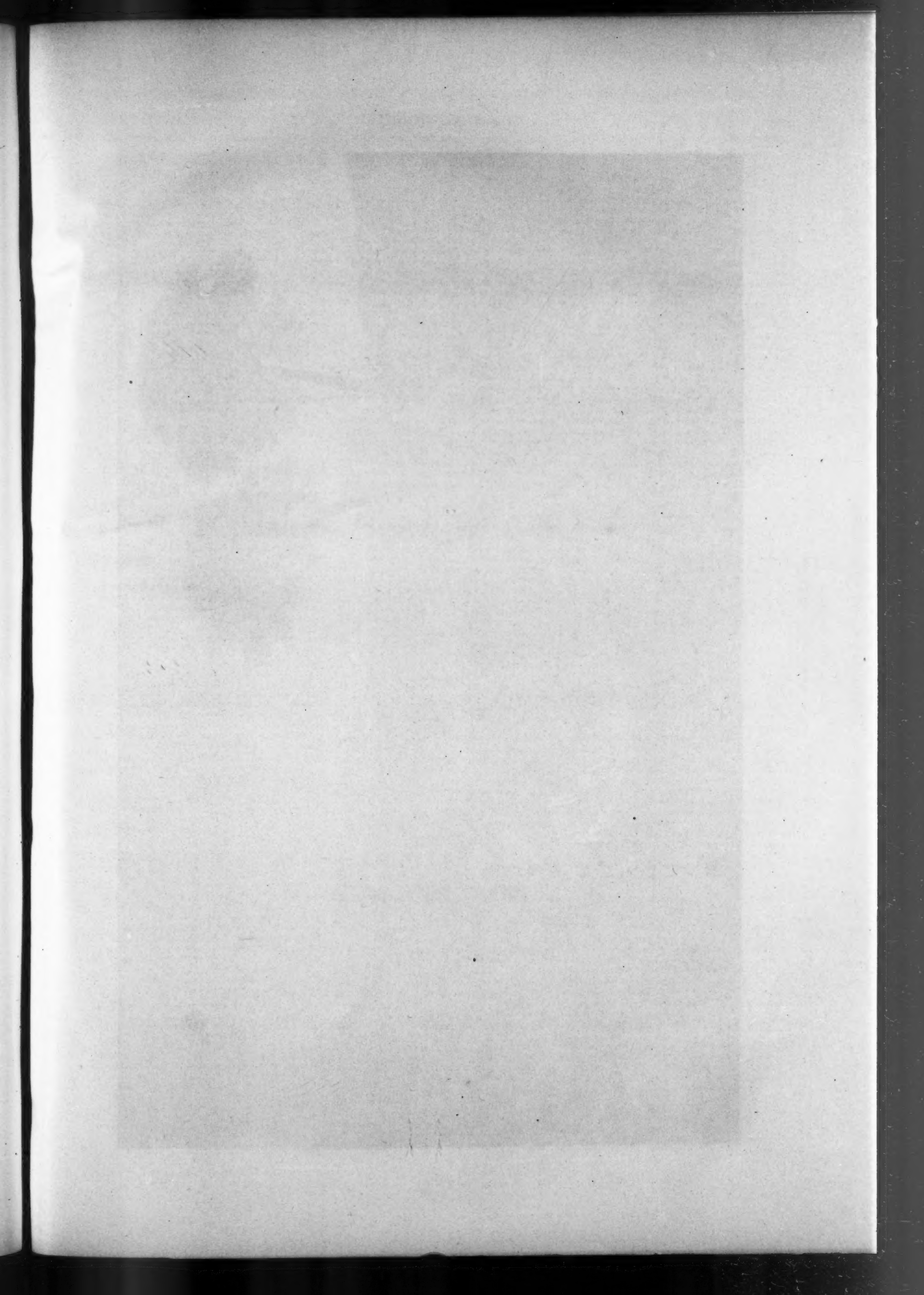
The Lord Chancellor added a few remarks, from which we quote the following:—

"My lord, I trust that by the ceremonial of opening this institution you are aiding to develop and assist the culture and the pursuit of the Fine Arts among us—to give to the artistic genius of our countrymen better opportunities than they have yet enjoyed for its practical exercise, and to afford freely to all classes of the community a constant source of instructive recreation calculated to inform their minds and improve their tastes."

This move is an important move in the right direction. We earnestly hope the day when two such duties were discharged will be as the seed of a great tree that is to bear rich and abundant fruit hereafter. The National (not international) Exhibition of Arts and Manufactures, to be opened in May next, will be a first effort to show how profitably the new building can be employed. May it be productive of great good to Ireland, and not to Ireland only.

ABERDEEN.—The *Scotsman* recently stated that at a public meeting held in this city, it was resolved to erect in it a statue of her Majesty. A committee was appointed to carry out the object, and it was agreed that, with the view of encouraging native talent, the statue should be entrusted to Mr. R. Brodie.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the opening of the School of Art for the present session, in January, the Rev. J. P. O. Tomkins, of St. John's College, delivered an address to the students and their friends, taking for his subject "Art-Life."—Mr. Wiles, a sculptor in this town, has recently executed busts of Professor Kingsley and Mr. Lucas Barrett, an eminent geologist, who lost his life some months ago whilst engaged in scientific researches off the coast of Jamaica.





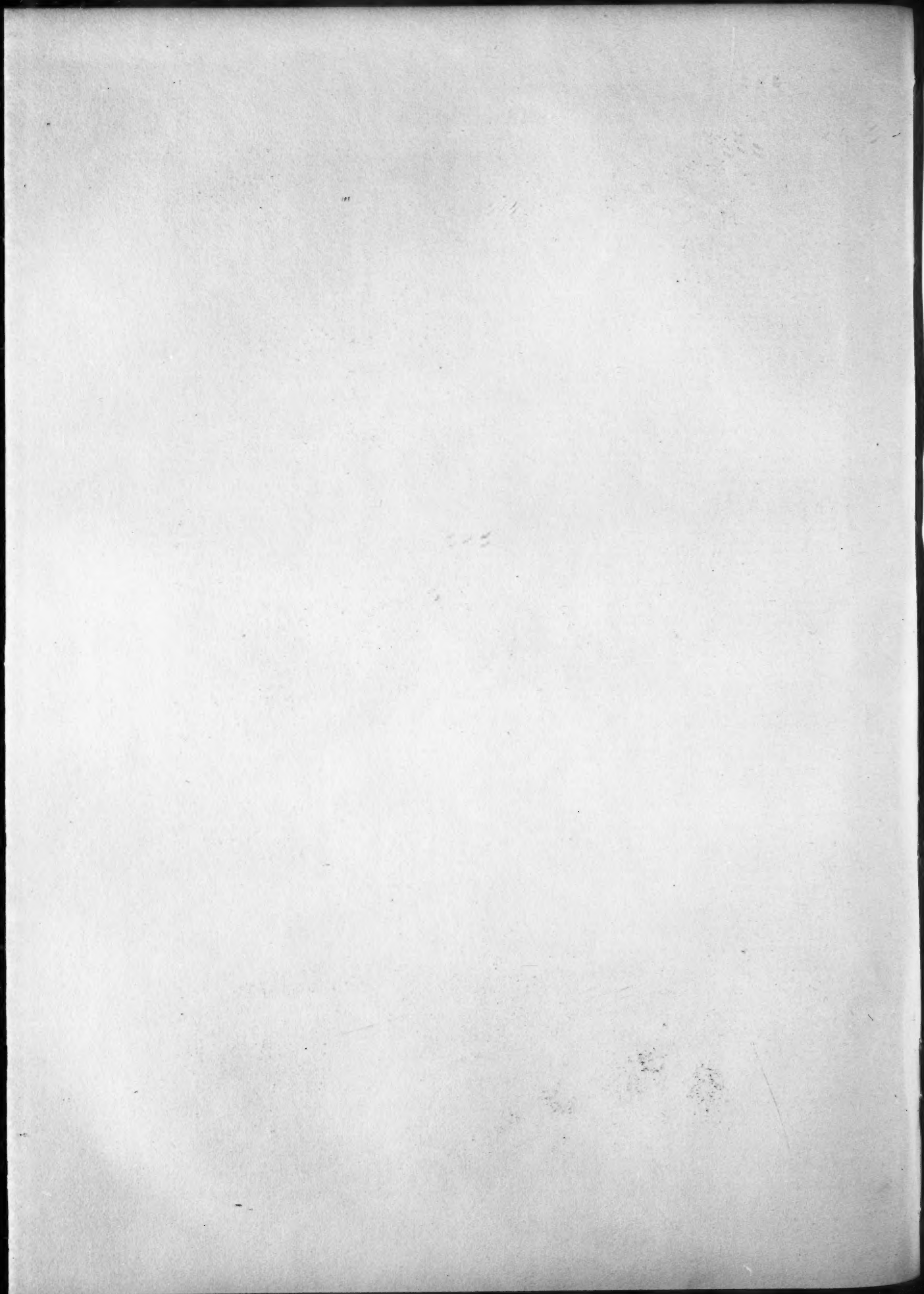
J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINXT.

THE BAY OF BAIÆ.

(APOLLO AND THE SIBYL.)

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

R. BRANDARD, SCULPT.



CARLISLE.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this city was held in the month of January. The report of the committee stated that at the annual examination, in June last, of the works of the students by Mr. Wyld, one of the government Art-inspectors, the number of prizes awarded was less than on any former occasions, chiefly, if not entirely, owing to a decrease in the number of students during the first six months of the year. This falling off was the result of the indisposition of the head master, Mr. Lord, who was ultimately compelled to resign his post. Under his successor, Mr. Lees, who was previously connected with the school, it is recovering its numerical strength.

GLOUCESTER.—A curious discovery, according to what has been stated in the *Builder*, was recently made in this city, which, as visitors well know, contains some fine old houses and mansions. "One of these abodes, the town house of the Guises, a mansion of about Queen Anne's period, has of late been occupied as a School of Art; and in making some alterations for this purpose the architect observed an unusual and, as it seemed to him, a needless projection of panelling in a small sitting-room, always called 'Pope's room.'* He made up his mind to remove this projection, and in doing so brought to light a fine portrait of Pope. This led him to suspect that the opposite side might also contain some treasure, and on taking it down a painting was revealed, said to be the 'Temptation,' by Guido. A man in a rich dress of the time of François Premier is holding up a string of pearls to a woman, who appears to be resisting his entreaties and tempting offer. It is described to us as a remarkably fine painting." Pope, it is known, was a frequent visitor at this residence of the Guise family, and in a letter which appeared in the *Builder* immediately after this announcement, the writer, who signs himself "A Descendant of the Guises," thus explains the mystery of these hidden treasures:—"My grandfather, Richard Guise, of Clewer, Berks, who died at an advanced age in the very beginning of the present century, told me that when his nearest relative, General Guise, left by will to Christ Church College, Oxford, his valuable collection of pictures (so valuable that they were sent to Manchester for the Arts' Exhibition in that town, which followed the Exhibition in London), his heirs were grievously disappointed at the loss. These pictures, no doubt, hung at his country mansion in the county. Pope's portrait, and the 'Temptation,' by Guido, formed part of the furniture in the Guise residence at Gloucester, and, we may naturally suppose, were secretly 'walled up' out of sight, to prevent their transmission to Christ Church as part of the legacy to that college. Such a step would shut out any claim or dispute about them afterwards; and they could, in due time, be unwalled, and again restored to the Guise family. The parties privy to this concealment dropped off, and the hidden treasures were entirely forgotten." The room in which the pictures were found was called "Pope's Room;" it is therefore considered probable that the poet himself presented his portrait to the family, to be hung up in the apartment to which the Guises had given his name, as he was its frequent occupant.

KIDDERMINSTER.—In the early part of January the annual meeting for the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Kidderminster School of Art was held. The number of prizes awarded by the government inspector at the last examination was stated in one of our recent numbers. Upwards of five hundred pupils of all grades receive instruction from the masters of this school, which is superintended by Mr. Kennedy. During the past year the artisan's class has been attended by twenty-one persons, engaged in designing for carpets. Of these seven were selected by manufacturers, and others from among the junior students, for employment in connection with the staple trade of the town. The last year's balance-sheet shows a sum of nearly £20 in favour of the school.

LIVERPOOL.—An adjourned meeting of the members of the Liverpool Art-Union Society, was held on the 6th of January, when a long and somewhat angry discussion took place, arising out of the alleged mismanagement of the funds of the society. The expenditure, it was stated, had reached nearly fifty per cent. of the revenue, though the latter had increased considerably. It appears that some of the agents had been defaulters, and an attempt was made at the meeting to discuss this on Mr. Herdman, secretary, for not exercising due vigilance as to the character of the persons employed as agents. Mr. Herdman defended himself from the charge, by stating that none were appointed without a written recom-

mendation from the postmaster of the town in which each resided. Ultimately the vote of censure was unanimously agreed to, after substituting the word "committee" for that of "secretary," it being felt that the former, few of whom ever attended the meetings for business, had neglected their duties. A proposition was made, and carried, that a working committee should be appointed for the future, and that the society should be reorganised. The subscriptions for the past year amounted to £3,148 3s., in single shillings; the expenditure of all kinds, including commission to agents and the cost of framed chromo-lithographs for prizes, to £1,723. The balance was allotted for the purchase of prizes in pictures as follows:—One of £100, two of £50, four of £40, four of £30, twenty of £20, thirty of £10, and forty-nine of £5.

STOURBRIDGE.—The annual meeting of this School of Art was held in January, when the report of its progress and condition was read; from it we learn that the number of pupils had increased, and that the revenue of the school was in advance of the expenditure by upwards of £27—£25 of this sum was to go to the mortgage fund for liquidating the debt upon the building. Mr. Bowen has succeeded Mr. Yeats—transferred to Worcester—in the head-mastership of the school.

SHEFFIELD.—The annual *conversations* in connection with the Sheffield School of Art was held on the evening of January 26th. The rooms in Arundel Street were hung with a considerable number of pictures and drawings, lent for the occasion by their owners residing in the town and its vicinity. The estimated value of these works, many of them by our leading painters, was about £11,000. A specimen of wood-carving by Miss Edith Hayball, a young lady only seventeen years of age, and a pupil of the school, attracted great attention. This work is oblong in form, and divided into three lozenge-shaped compartments, each occupied by a group of flowers, good in composition, and very skilfully carved. It is intended for the front of the high altar at Summer Hill College, Ireland. The distribution of prizes to the successful students was made in the course of the evening by Mr. William Overend, who prefaced the ceremony by a long yet instructive address on Schools of Art generally, and the influence they had on the Industrial Arts of the country. Like some other recent speakers on similar occasions, Mr. Overend refers to the Report of the Commissioners of the 1862 Exhibition, and argues from the statements therein made—and especially to the testimony of M. Chevalier, one of the French jurors—that our schools are all they should be, and that British manufactures are taking precedence of all others. It is a pity that gentlemen who undertake the task of making their views public, do not look a little deeper into the question than the statements put forth by the Department of Science and Art. If they did they would learn something more than they appear to know, and something very different from what they authoritatively promulgate. Mr. Overend has always been a liberal supporter of the Sheffield School—one of the best and most successful in the kingdom. He announced his intention of giving a prize, value £50, to be competed for in the present year.

WENLOCK.—The distribution of prizes to the pupils of this School of Art took place some little time since, when ten local medals, eighty-five first-grade prizes, and eleven second-grade prizes were presented. The monetary prizes offered by the Coalbrookdale Company and by Messrs. Maw for competition among the artisan students, have, it is stated, been productive of many good original designs.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The School of Art in this town was, in 1862, compelled to close its doors for want of sufficient encouragement and support, but was reopened about a year ago under somewhat different management. The first annual meeting since the revival took place on the 13th of January, when the Earl of Dartmouth presided. The report stated that, except pecuniarily, the school is in a flourishing condition, principally owing to the liberality of Mr. Sturtivant, the master, who had made "a most generous bargain" with the committee. Notwithstanding the balance against the school was £36, and it was stated that the students must either remove from the building in which they meet, or the government must carry out the understanding upon which the edifice was built, namely, that they would give an annual grant equal in amount to the local subscriptions.

WORCESTER.—Mr. Yeats has been appointed head master of the Worcester School of Art in the place of Mr. Kyd, who resigned the post three or four months ago. At the annual examination of last year, twenty-two medals were awarded by the inspector, besides several minor prizes. At the national competition, one "Department" prize, of the value of £10, and one medallion fell to this school.

PORTRAIT PAINTING IN ENGLAND:

PAINTERS, SITTERS, PRICES, AND OWNERS.*

THE lovers of portraits painted to perpetuate, as is supposed, the great, the good, the fair, the wise, can derive very little satisfaction from the sarcastic comment of an able artist who knew many of the sitters of the great portrait painter whose works he thus passed criticism upon. John Hoppner, clever alike with pencil and with pen, was wont to express his surprise that Sir Joshua Reynolds, whose skill transferred to canvas two centuries of English beauty, had courage to send home portraits that bore, when finished, so little likeness to their originals.

Hoppner's observation is suggestive, and in this spirit I shall try to treat it. Have we a likeness "to the life" of Shakspeare? Is the Stratford bust a composition by Gerard Johnson from an actual portrait, and a mask after death? Many think so. Ben Jonson's verses under Droeshout's print, before the famous first folio of 1623, were written, I am inclined to think, without his having seen at the time the engraving itself. Milton—beneath Marshall's engraving of his head, put four Greek lines of satire on the engraver, which Vandergucht—in ignorance of course—re-engraved in 1713, little thinking that he was thus appropriating four lines of condemnation on his own performance.

If we have no satisfactory likeness of Shakspeare, it is pleasant to think that we have a thoroughly satisfactory portrait of the greatest performer in his plays—an actor to whose skill and care we are indebted for the traditions of the manner in which Burbage and Shakspeare's other "fellows" played in the plays of Shakspeare while Shakspeare was alive. The engraved portrait of Betterton, the work of Roger Williams, is specially commended by his contemporary, Colley Cibber. Mark Cibber's words—"There was," says Colley in his Apology, "some years ago to be had, in almost every print-shop, a mezzotint of Betterton from Kneller, extremely like him." The commendation by Colley of this scarce print, has caused it to sell at very large prices.

Connoisseurs and collectors may safely consider that the best portrait of Pope is the head by Kneller, now at Nuneham, in Oxfordshire, that portrait which Pope himself gave to Lord Chancellor Harcourt. I have a photograph of it hanging before me while I write, made when, at my request, the late Mr. Harcourt was pleased to transmit the picture to the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition. The poet is unconscious that he is sitting for his portrait—he is busy translating a passage in Homer, or turning a couplet (Abelard like) over the anguish of Eloisa. "That long disease, my life"—those incessant headaches of which he complains—have been caught by Kneller with what painters call a *con amore* feeling.

"Lo! where Mæotis creeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waste of snows,"

is the very couplet—the one most musical to his ears—that Kneller, "by heaven and not a master taught," has made Pope on the eve of bringing into euphonious existence.

When my father (no bad judge of faces, having fine eyes of his own) was asked what he thought of Burns's eyes, he replied that they shone like two carriage lamps in a road on a dark night. Listen to what Sir Walter Scott said of them, writing three-and-thirty years after Burns's death:—"I saw the distinguished poet only once, and that many years since, and being a bad marker and recollector

* A subsequent statement in the *Builder* says, the pictures were not walled up in closed recesses, as inferred, but were let into panels.

* Continued from page 47.

of faces, I should, in an ordinary case, have hesitated to offer an opinion upon the resemblance, especially as I make no pretension to judge of Fine Arts. But Burns was so remarkable a man, that his features remain impressed on my mind as if I had seen him only yesterday; and I could not hesitate to recognise this portrait as a striking resemblance of the poet, though it had been presented to me amid a whole exhibition."

Strong testimony this, penned, as it was, three-and-thirty years after Burns's death. In aid of the testimony of Sir Walter Scott to the truthful portraiture of Burns, in his so-called portrait by Peter Taylor, there is the strong evidence of the poet's "Clarinda."

"I return the fine portrait of Burns, taken from the life by the late Mr. Peter Taylor, his early friend. In my opinion it is the most striking likeness of the poet I have ever seen; and I say this with the more confidence, having a most perfect recollection of his appearance."

My father, who had often seen Burns, framed the engraving from Taylor's picture, and gave it a place of honour in his little drawing-room; but ultimately he did not believe in it.

On the subject of eyes, I now recall another observation of my father's—"I was fifteen years with Chantrey before I found out that he was blind, or even weak, in one eye. We had some argument about distance. 'Why, man,' said he, a little warmly, 'I can see better than you though I have but one eye.' I laughed, and did not believe him. He asked (Widow Wadman like) that I should look into his eye. I did. The difference was for a time unperceivable. That he is blind of his right eye, there is unmistakable proof: his Joe Manton guns—he is a great shooter—are all made for his left shoulder and—his left eye!"

Sir Walter Scott's eyes were remarkable for a pawky, roguish vivacity. Chantrey caught this characteristic excellence by drilling the pupils, a practice he was not partial to.

Aubrey wrote to old Anthony à Wood that Lord Bacon's eyes were like vipers. These viperous eyes of the great Lord Chancellor of Nature and Nature's laws, lost in the "Sic Sedebat" statue at St. Alban's, are visible enough in the fine Vansomer portrait of Bacon, still at Gorhambury.

"And other beauties envy Wortley's eyes," sang Alexander Pope of the exquisite eyes of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, though the poet, when he quarrelled with the inimitable Letter Writer, withdrew his compliment by the alteration of a single letter, the settled text of the poet reading—

"And other beauties envy Worsley's eyes."

What Wortley's eyes were like—large, very dark, and defiant—the portrait of her at Lord Wharnccliffe's, the work of Chevalier Rusca, is still, happily, most ample evidence. In the 'Blinking Sam' of Sir Joshua, that faded example of his pencil, now at Stafford House, we see wisdom at one entrance half shut out. In the Doughty portrait, after Sir Joshua, of the same great man, now at Sir Robert Peel's, we read the secret of the composition of his rolling and balanced sentences. Unable to correct his writings, without overtaxing his eyesight, with his own pen, he formed and rolled each sentence in his own mind before he put pen to paper.

"He mouthed a sentence as curs mouth a bone."

The graver of Thomas Watson has transferred to paper the eyes of Garrick. And what eyes he had! "I see before me, at this instant, February, 1824," writes Sir George Beaumont, "his quick eye, and hear the electric tones of his piercing and rapid utterance." And Garrick had been in his grave,

when this was written, some five-and-forty years. The eyes of Edmund Kean could pierce into the boxes, and the eyes of John Reeve would twinkle some twenty rows deep into the pit.

The formation of a portrait gallery of British worthies is not an original idea of my Lord Stanhope's. Sir Horace Vere formed a full-length portrait gallery of the soldiers of note who had trailed a pike with him in the Low Country wars of Queen Elizabeth. I made a pilgrimage, some seven years ago, to this remarkable collection, now at Lord Townshend's, at Rainham, in Norfolk. It is impossible to enter this room, ill-assorted, and ill-arranged, and ill-lighted as it is, without feeling a delicious, half-affrighted sense that you are thrown three centuries back, and that you must be the companions of the Dudleys, the Sydneys, and the Veres, and can hold high converse with the dead. That kind of feeling or emotion which came over Roubiliac, in Westminster Abbey, when he approached, with Gayfere, one of the four kneeling figures at the angles of the canopied tomb of Sir Francis Vere—"Hush! hush! he vil speak presently!"—is the feeling that came over me at every turn.

A sense akin to this it was my mixed pleasure to feel, when, in 1857, I paid a visit for the first time to that charming room, so full of associations, at Bayfordbury, in Hertfordshire, which holds those rich treasures of Queen Anne wit and talent in England, the Kit-Kat portraits. Turn which way I would, a poetic line arrested me at every turn. Here—

"Dorset, the grace of Courts, the Muse's pride;"

there—

"Thus Somers once and Halifax were mine;"

now—

"Who would not weep if Addison were he;"

again—

"How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit;"

still again—

"He wears red stockings, and he dines with Steele;"

and again—

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow."

When lines like these can be brought to memory before portraits, how additionally interesting they assuredly become.

Another room in which I took a great delight (a Gresham House, Crane Court, and Somerset House delight) was the old (sad to say) council room of the Royal Society in Somerset House. There I could hold high commune, "looks commercing," not with "the skies," but with "the dead;" with Halley and with Newton; with Evelyn and with Pepys; with Flamstead and Sloane; with Sir Christopher Wren and Sir Humphry Davy. A few steps would take me to the council room of the Society of Antiquaries, and there I could hold "imaginary conversations" with Edward Harley, Earl of Oxford, the great collector, and George Vertue, that fertile mine of Anecdotes of Art in England.

A rich memory of like associations recurs to one at Greenwich and at Hampton Court, with the Dozen Flagmen of the Duke of York (James II.), the Dozen Beauties of his duchess (Nan Hyde), and the Beauties of their daughter "William and Mary." I will give a few illustrations of the kind that readily recur to me. Look at Lely's La Belle Stuart—that fine face, with its sweet eye and little Roman nose, is the original of Britannia on the coinage of Great Britain. Look at Kneller's Lady Ranelagh (a Cecil by birth, a widow at nineteen, and next the wife of a gay brisk widower of sixty), and turn in memory to "Tom Jones," bk. iv. chap. ii.—"The lovely Sophia comes. Reader, perhaps thou hast

seen the statue of the Venus de Medicis. Perhaps, too, thou hast seen the Gallery of Beauties at Hampton Court. Thou mayest remember each bright Churchill of the galaxy, and all the toasts of the Kit-Kat. . . . Thou mayest have seen all these without being able to form an exact idea of Sophia. She was most like to the picture of Lady Ranelagh."

It is impossible to visit Hampton Court and gaze on this fine picture without saying "There stands the Sophia Western, as described and identified by Fielding himself."

The great Lord Chancellor of Human Nature, the great Lord Clarendon, was a collector of portraits, who delighted in portraits of illustrious personages, and filled his house not with Annunciations, Crucifixions, Entombments, Martyrdoms, Raisings, Tempations, and the like, but with "brave pictures"—I use Mr. Pepys' words—"of the present and ancient nobility," not with landscapes, a ruined mill in the distance; not with cattle pieces, a cottage in the foreground; but with "the pictures"—I use Mr. Evelyn's words—"of most of our ancient and modern wits, poets, philosophers, famous and learned Englishmen, which collection," this thorough example of an English gentleman continues, "I much commended, and gave his lordship a catalogue of more to be added."*

"Whilst unimpaired remembrance reigns," pleasures of memory and unfading associations will follow me to the picture gallery of the Bodleian, the several halls of Oxford and Cambridge, the great room of the old Thatched House Tavern, the Portrait Gallery of the Manchester Art Treasures Exhibition, and the house in Great George Street, which unhappily little more than warehouses or pan-techniconises, that "collar of SSS collection," the Stanhope, Smith, and Scharf collection of our too-long-omitted-to-be-formed National Portrait Gallery of Great Britain.

It was said of Lord Chancellor Thurlow that "No one ever was so-wise as Thurlow looked;" and yet wise as he was on the wool-sack, he does not look over sagacious upon canvas. Lord Chief Justice Mansfield looked infinite wisdom on the bench: has not Flaxman made him to look Wisdom and Westminster Hall—in Westminster Abbey?

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

PICTURE SALES IN AMERICA.

EVERYBODY knows from what he reads in the daily journals here that, amidst all the echoes of the din of battle which float around the mansions and through the streets of New York, Boston, and other large cities of the Northern States; in spite of the grief, misery, and destitution, and the heavy drain the unhappy civil strife is constantly making on the purses of the citizens; they are as fully alive to pleasure, and as eager to possess the luxuries and elegancies that generally accompany wealth, as if the land were at rest, enjoying perfect peace, and blessed with universal commercial prosperity. It is quite clear the Northerners do not consider war as one of the great "ills of life"—they appear to us at a distance, like the spectres of German romance, who

"Dance

Over the gravestones and over the dead."

In one of the letters written, not very long ago, by "Manhattan," the New York correspondent of the *Standard*, he alludes to the vast number of pictures which are finding their way into the city, and which he presumes to have been surreptitiously abstracted from the Southern States. We take it for granted that no portion of these spoils passed into the collection of Mr. John Wolfe, which was sold by auction at the end of the month of December last. An account of the sale, as reported in the *New York Evening Post*, has reached us; and as many of our readers may

* Evelyn, 20th December, 1698.

be curious to know the value set upon modern European Art on the other side of the Atlantic, we give a list of the principal pictures, with the prices they realised in dollars, leaving those who are disposed to turn the American currency into English to make their own calculations. Mr. Wolfe's gallery seems to have contained specimens of the chief contemporary European schools, with a few examples of the American.

Taking them in the order presented by the list, the American works stand first; but the sums at which they were sold were not large, comparatively; for instance:—'A Landscape'—Scene from Cooper's 'Prairie,' T. Cole, 790 dols.; 'Disputed Game,' T. H. Hineckley, 600 dols.; 'The Edge of a Wood,' D. Huntington, 500 dols.; 'Dance of the Haymakers,' W. S. Mount, 500 dols., &c. &c.

English School:—'The Stirrup-Cup in the Time of Charles I.,' J. F. Herring, 1,950 dols.; 'Morning on the Cumberland Mountains,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 1,775 dols.; 'Welch Sheep, with Mountain Scenery,' 1,750 dols.; 'A Marauder, or Rival Claimants,' R. Andsell, A.R.A., 1,150 dols.; 'The Cavalier's Song,' L. Haghe, 1,150 dols.; 'Cattle and Sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 800 dols.; 'Scotch Mountain Scenery,' H. Jutsum, 750 dols.; 'Lodder Valley, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington, 510 dols.; 'Pharaoh's Horses,' J. F. Herring, 500 dols. Water-colour pictures:—'Fountain by the Roadside, Normandy,' J. J. Jenkins, 790 dols.; 'Pilgrims at the Font of St. Peter's, Rome,' L. Haghe, 760 dols.; 'Venice,' S. Prout, 460 dols.; 'Head of a Dalmatian Peasant,' Carl Haag, 460 dols., &c. &c.

German School:—'Storm Clearing Off, Coast of Sicily,' A. Acherbach, 3,000 dols.; 'Introducing the New Scholar,' J. P. Hasenclever, 2,550 dols.; 'The Elves,' E. Steinbruck, 1,475 dols.; 'Artist Life in the Studio,' J. P. Hasenclever, 1,425 dols.; 'The Council of Doctors,' G. Geyer, 1,150 dols.; 'The Politicians—Interior of a Prussian Café,' J. P. Hasenclever, 1,050 dols.; 'Falstaff thrown into the Thames,' A. Scrdter, 975 dols.; 'Vintage Fête on the Rhine,' J. Becker, 950 dols.; 'Early Morning in the Mountains of Norway,' H. Gude, 925 dols.; 'The Old Beau,' L. Knaus, 885 dols.; 'Spring and Winter of Life,' J. F. Waldmüller, 550 dols., &c. &c.

Belgian and Dutch Schools:—'Sunset on the Upper Rhine,' B. Koekkoek, 3,550 dols.; 'Halt at Noonday on the Road to Market,' E. Verboeckhoven, 3,400 dols.; 'Market Scene at Amsterdam, by Candlelight,' P. Van Schendel, 3,100 dols.; 'The Confidante,' Baron Wappers, 3,100 dols.; 'The Love Test, Italian Gleaners,' N. De Keyser, 3,100 dols.; 'Milton and his Daughters,' N. De Keyser, 2,400 dols.; 'Tarquin and Lucretia,' W. Van Mieris, 1,800 dols.; 'The Grandfather's Holiday Visit,' F. De Brackeleer, 1,625 dols.; 'Winter Scene in Holland,' B. Koekkoek, 1,425 dols.; 'The Sheepfold,' H. Verboeckhoven, 1,250 dols.; 'Winter Landscape, Holland,' A. Schelfhout, 800 dols.; 'A Wild Horse attacked by a Lion,' E. Verboeckhoven, 490 dols., &c. &c.

French School:—'Day Dreams, or the Indolent Scholar,' T. Couture, 4,750 dols.; 'Landscape, with Cattle, Normandy,' C. Troyon, 2,750 dols.; 'Brittany Peasants at Prayer,' G. Brion, 2,750 dols.; 'Morning Prayer,' E. Frère, 2,550 dols.; 'Scene in Holland, with Cattle,' C. Troyon, 2,500 dols.; 'The Sylvan Bath,' E. Delacroix, 2,400 dols.; 'The Smoker,' J. L. Meissonnier, 2,250 dols.; 'Love's Diversions,' E. Dubufe, 2,000 dols.; 'Beatitude,' C. Landelle, 1,950 dols.; 'The Embarkation at a French Seaport, Time of Louis XIV.,' E. Isabey, 1,700 dols.; 'Fleurs d'Amour,' N. Diaz, 1,700 dols.; 'Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice—Sunset,' F. Ziem, 1,425 dols.; 'The Etruscan Vase Merchant,' J. L. Hamon, 1,075 dols.; 'Mill at Montreun, Canton de Vaud,' A. Calame, 1,075 dols.; 'Peek-a-boo,' H. Schlesinger, 1,000 dols.; 'The Flower Girl,' A. E. Plassan, 950 dols.; 'The Virgin,' A. Guillemin, 750 dols.; 'View near Barbison, France—Sunset,' T. Rousseau, 750 dols.; 'A Card Party in the Eighteenth Century,' E. Fichel, 675 dols.; 'The Drawing School,' Lanfant de Metz, 650 dols.; 'The Bouquet,' J. Trayer, 600 dols., &c. &c.

That these pictures are works of undoubted authenticity may be inferred from the fact that Messrs. Goupil and Co., the eminent print-publishers and picture-dealers of Paris and New York, are stated to have been large buyers.

BRITISH INSTITUTION. EXHIBITION OF WORKS BY LIVING ARTISTS. 1864.

THE present Exhibition of the British Institution we are glad to find somewhat above the low average of late years. Pictures, indeed, of first-class merit are still exceptional; but works wrought out with painstaking care, paintings which narrate with point or pathos the daily incidents of life, which express with simple earnestness the emotions of the heart, and, above all, landscapes that transcribe the poetry of nature in her humble or lofty moods,—such works, we say, in themselves sufficiently pleasing and profitable to look at, are happily in this exhibition neither few nor far between. Before proceeding to the task of detailed criticism, we will simply, out of the list of 633 pictures, enumerate ten which, at the private view, seemed specially worthy of attention. Foremost, let us name Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's 'Well-bred Sitters'—well born and brought up indeed, as all Sir Edwin's dogs ever are. And then comes, hung as a companion picture, 'The Common,' one of Mr. AXSDALL's very best works. In 'Ruth,' Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON gives a lovely reading of a character of which neither poets nor painters ever tire. In 'Rosy Morn,' Mr. ANDERSON indulges in one of the fancy and fascinating figures for which the British Institution has acquired some fame. 'Weston Sands,' by Mr. HOPKINS, the figures by Mr. HAVELL, is a busy and breezy scene of light and life. 'Fruit,' by Mr. LANCE, is after this artist's approved manipulation. 'The Private View,' by Mr. FRANK WYBURD, attracts the eye as a work of smooth finish and refinement. 'Dutch Fishing Craft,' by E. W. COOKE, R.A., is a small leaf from the sketch-book of nature, which this artist reads with such literal truth. And 'Athens,' by Mr. HARRY JOHNSON, and 'Moonlight on the Mountains,' by Mr. ARTHUR GILBERT, may serve as two striking examples of that dramatic and poetic landscape which we rejoice to see Pre-Raphaelite dogmas have failed to exclude from public favour. To this recital of ten leading pictures very many more might with justice be added, and we shall therefore now proceed to a classification of the entire exhibition into the distinctive heads under which every work of distinguishing merit shall find its appropriate place.

HIGH OR HISTORIC ART.

Works which aspire to the lofty walks of Art, are in this, as in other of our exhibitions, very exceptional. And in the present state of our English school, usually greatest when humbly content to be small, this lack of ambition which is too often but vaulting and vain, can scarcely be mourned over as a calamity. Nothing, indeed, is more melancholy than to witness that false pictorial aspiration which ascends not with the breath of genius, but distends itself by a wind which swells portentously, and then collapses into emptiness. Fortunately, then, it may be that the candidates for fame waiting for admission into the temple of historic or sacred Art are few. These solitary students deserve to be dealt with tenderly. The task on which they enter is arduous. The times whereon they have fallen are inauspicious. Mr. W. M. HAY's 'Christ's teaching to Humanity' (379) essays to depict the awful agony in the garden. Christ, bowed down in sorrow as under the scourge of an angry God, utters from the depths of His soul in the dark hour of despair, those memorable words: "Nevertheless, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." The picture is painted after the style prescribed to high Art; the drapery is red and blue, according to the manner of the Roman school. One element, however, we detect as decidedly modern, the sentiment or motive, which smacks a little too much, it may be feared, of the spasmodic drama of the New Adelphi. Near at hand we come upon another work sacred in subject, 'Jewesses by the waters of Babylon' (367)—sitting down, of course, and weeping. The painter, Mr. REUBEN SAYERS, here introduces us to three maidens, somewhat dark, dismal, and lachrymous, and not quite sufficiently charming

to melt the beholder to sympathy. 'Leah' (22), by Mr. EDGELL COLLINS, which commands the top of the chief room, might be taken solely as a character in a religious drama, did not the likeness to the last new tragedian, Miss Bateman, bring the work within the limits of literal portraiture. We are not disposed to assist at the apotheosis of this tragic muse. The picture, however, like its original in the Strand, merits a moderate meed of commendation; the somewhat leaden colour of the monotonous canvas is, we presume, intended as a mournful echo to the heroine's melancholy doom. Mr. MAW EGLEY's 'Lanthe' (275), taken from the lovely lines of Shelley, may probably gain admission into the ideal realms of high Art, though the moon, the column, and the arch, here serving as accessories, have been so long known to this nether world, the earth, as scarcely to aid the desired pre-eminence. Mr. Egley, however, has called up by his pencil-wand a very charming vision. Here is a maiden, the "Lanthe" of "Queen Mab," lying on a couch, wrapt in the depth of slumber. Her arms are crossed gently on her bosom; a golden flood of tresses flows in rippling wavelets over her shoulders. The warm light of the setting sun tips on one side the forehead and the cheek; the other, cold as alabaster, is lighted by the silvery moon. The spirit of the lady keeping watch above its earthly tenement, is not quite up to the mark of what spirits in these days of progress are expected to be. The painter will do well to take a lesson from Pepper's patent Ghost.

The present exhibition has the privilege of possessing at least two Magdalens: the one, 'Magdalene at the Sepulchre' (318), by B. F. RHEINHARDT, hectic in colour and in contrast after a manner more usual to the Germans than to the English; the second a 'Magdalen' (141), by W. FISHER. The chaste moon sinks in the horizon; the flesh is cold and smooth as ivory; the hair—the last remnant of an unruly nature—golden in a warmth kindling into the fire of red, flows in rampant luxuriance down the back and shoulders, after the mode of Titian, though the colouring of the little picture can scarcely be deemed quite up to Titianesque harmony or fervour. A scene from Mount Calvary, depicted by Mr. P. R. MORRIS under the title 'Where they crucified Him' (472), is very impressive. The body of our Lord has been borne away, and the cross lies upon the ground. A servant has torn away the superscription, which he rolls together thoughtfully. Three children have tarried behind their mother, as she drives a herd of goats over the hill, and, with the prying curiosity of childhood, they handle and examine the nail just taken from the Saviour's feet. Jerusalem rises in the distance; the painter, however, has failed to reconcile the exigencies of his picture with truth to the actual locality. Such are the elements of a work deep in pathos, and solemn in shadowed richness of colour. Mr. HILLINGFORD's 'Choir of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence' (487) is a telling subject, painted with power and effect. The expression of the white-robed monks, more droning than devout, is after the true and trenchant monastic character; and the accessories of lectern and choir-book are executed with a vigorous and suggestive breadth, which includes by implication all needful details. We may here mention another scene laid in Florence, 'Students in the Garden of the Medici' (42), by Mr. JAMES. This work partakes of the severe style which, dating from mediæval Italy, was revived some years since in England, under the assumed name of Pre-Raphaelite. The individual truth pronounced with the hardness of outline and angularity of form that pertains to the school, is reflected in this not unpromising picture. Another work not without promise is 'The Release of Protestant Prisoners by Queen Elizabeth' (506), painted by Mr. FLOOD PAGE: the colour is pleasing, several of the heads are well handled, but the great difficulty which invariably bewilders the tentative historic artist, how to give to his figures the articulation of the anatomy lying beneath the draperies, is only in part overcome. The same may be said of Mr. Houstoun's rendering of 'The Interview between John Cabot and Henry VII.' (386). The colours are rich in balanced harmonies, but the figures comport themselves as somewhat infirm in stamina. Certainly one of

the most successful attempts at historic treatment in the whole exhibition is to be found in Mr. STUART CALLCOTT'S 'Last Moments of Beatrice Cenci' (83). The girl whose innocence and beauty, wasted by calamity, have aroused the love and pity of the entire world, is here seen on her knees; her rosary and missal lie before her, and a crucifix rests against the wall. Guido, the painter of that well-known portrait, pallid through torturing pain, worn and wan by dripping tears, enters the dark cell; the Cenci is startled from her soliloquy of prayer by the intruder. The composition is simple, the sentiment sincere, the execution careful. Thus will the reader perceive that while there are works which are carried away by an ambition which lacks knowledge and discretion, there are, on the other hand, some few pictures lofty in a thought made sober by good sense. It is, we think, the special privilege of the British Institution to give encouragement to incipient merit, which, in the more crowded arena of the Academy, is in danger of oblivion and neglect.

FIGURE-PICTURES OF FANCY.

Could the institution in Pall Mall, like the Abbey at Westminster, have its poets' corner sacred to painters of the imagination, surely it would be well furnished. The works of fancy which yearly congregate at this exhibition are certainly considerably above the per centage to be found in other galleries. We do not mean to insinuate that the British Institution has reason to be vain of its charms, for, after all, the beauty which blooms on these walls is of the complexion which years ago faded in the pages of annuals, souvenirs, keepsakes, and scrapbooks. There is, it must be confessed, something too sickly sentimental and commonplace in this endless succession of damsels of pink or pallid cheeks, as the case may be, of soft rosy lips, of shoulders downy as velvet, tresses black as a raven, and tortuous as Medusa's snakes—girls who, by their simpering smiles, would wish to win and flirt with every visitor in the gallery. It is possible, we say, to have a little too much of this sort of thing, agreeable though it be. 'Maidenhood' (230), by Mr. HARWOOD, is a good example of its kind. The skin is of a silken softness, the charms of womanhood are budding, if not already in bloom, and the expression is of that indefinite vacuity which leaves the spectator at liberty to conjecture the presence of whatever emotion sympathy may suggest. In this same category we may class 'Zuleika' (43), by Mr. FISHER, of velvet flesh, and idle, listless attitude; also 'Day-dreams' (215), by Mr. DESANGES, a lady leaning with clasped hands upon a cushion, her almond eyes floating in reverie. The colour of this last canvas would be improved by the repose only to be gained through quiet neutrals. Again, in Mr. BUCKNER'S 'Grazia di Benevento' (607), we are introduced to one of the passionate beauties of the sunny south; her hand is on her cheek, her eyes look longing and languishing. The execution of this head is careful and firm. 'Wedding Presents' (291), by Mr. MORGAN, is, we presume, hung on the line because it possesses the charm of being painted in a circular frame. The draperies are in that haze of cloud and mist which would have better comported with a sky outline on the topmost ceiling. But our gallery of beauty has yet other inmates. 'A Lady in a Modern Greek Dress' (496), by Mr. H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A., is carefully painted. This beauty, as she touches the light guitar, seems conscious that when she gets her deserts she will be the heroine of some romance. Among these painters of witching charms Mr. ALEXANDER JOHNSTON is a great adept. His rendering of 'Ruth' (544), indeed, forms one of the most lovely figures in the room. She is of the Madlle. Rachel type, the hair black, the eyes piercing, the nostrils and the lips full, yet finely chiseled. By way of contrast let us, in conclusion, throw in the noble head which Mr. H. W. PHILLIPS designates 'Grave Thought' (173). Here is a man bearing in every feature the mark of power. The philosophic brow, the calm eye, bespeak an intellect made to rule in the realms of thought. The head is altogether remarkably well massed and modelled; the colour solemn, after the manner of the old Italian masters.

Mr. FRANK WYBURD'S two pictures, 'The Offering' (7) and 'The Private View' (184), have deservedly won admiration. In the first a peasant is praying by a side altar of a church; a chaplet of flowers which she has brought as an "offering" at the shrine lies before her on the pavement; a triptych, whereon a painting of the Annunciation, after the manner of Cimabue, may be distinguished, hangs on the chapel wall behind. The sentiment of Mr. Wyburd's picture is exquisite. A pretty idea he has expressed with refined simplicity. In his second work, 'The Private View,' he is no less felicitous. A happy thought has here struck him. His first picture, 'The Offering,' is in this second work introduced on an easel, and forms the subject of 'The Private View.' The artist, we see, has but just left his studio; his palette, brushes, and maul-stick are for the moment laid aside upon the chair. This constitutes the still life of the picture; the living tenants of the scene are a lady with a baby in her arms, who approach the canvas on which the painter has been at work. We watch them as they take their "private view," which seems duly to delight them. The treatment and execution of this picture within a picture are delicate and dexterous. The flesh-tints, however, are somewhat wanting in liquid transparency. 'The Actress and the Author' (29), by Mr. G. POPE, is another fancy thought, pointed, however, with satire. The spectator is introduced into a well-furnished boudoir: "the author" is beheld as lost in the raving recital of his manuscript, but the actress, sad to relate, has fallen asleep under the inflection. Such is the subject: the treatment of the picture partakes of the cheerful and sparkling character suited to comedy. 'The Sunny Side of Life' (161), by Mr. BARNES, exemplified in the happy guise of a mother looking lovingly at her infant children on her knee, forms a picture of sweet and gentle sentiment. In 'The Bracelet' (13) we readily recognise Mr. WOOLNER'S well-known manipulation—the blending of lustrous colours around forms undefined. 'Diana and her Nymphs surprised by Actæon' (24); is another work, about the authorship of which there cannot be a moment's doubt. Forms of ideal grace and lines of flowing beauty Mr. FROST here composes with his accustomed taste. Of like poetic spirit is Mr. FITZGERALD'S 'Fairy's Funeral' (443), worthy of companionship with poor Blake's visions from dreamland. On a leaf the dead body of the fairy floats across the tranquil water, and bright birds harnessed by garland traces bear the funeral bier along. A sisterhood of fairies scatter flowers on the way, and the pendant leaves in canopies above shed tearful dew-drops. Such is the feigned fancy of this 'Fairy's Funeral.'

IN-DOOR RUSTIC AND OUT-DOOR RURAL.

The pictures borrowed, year by year, from the ordinary every-day incidents of life are in number legion. Works of this class are eminently popular: they are, moreover, in their simple and domestic sentiment, peculiarly English, equally within the powers of our painters and the sympathies of patrons. As falling under this general division, we may commence with 'Handel and the Harmonious Blacksmith' (601), by Mr. JONES BARKER. Here we see a blacksmith at his forge, hammering away at a horseshoe, the horse waiting at the door outside. Handel himself, decked in cocked hat, wig, pigtail, buckles, and sword listens to the noise. Certainly the subject has derived little dignity from the treatment which it here receives. The picture, however, is not wanting in showy effect. 'Mending the Net' (62), by Mr. W. UNDERHILL, and 'The Goat-chairs' (73), by Mr. F. UNDERHILL, are obtrusive in figures, rustic and rude in vigour, and ragged in execution. We cannot but feel that naturalism is here pushed to that excess of which the famed Naturalists of Italy were guilty. We are in all such schools in the presence of a repulsive power. As a contrast, let us turn to a work entitled 'Wishing' (3), by Mr. LIDDERDALE. A little girl looks wistfully at cakes in the window of a village shop, and we cannot but delight in the simple beauty, the quiet truthfulness, and the faithful execution following closely the intention, which mark this meritorious study. Not far distant is a canvas, which must not be passed without

notice, 'The Outpost—Early Dawn' (15), by Mr. BEAVIS. A soldier with helmet and gun, mounted on a haggard steed, casts an anxious, searching outlook for the enemy's approach. The snow lies thick on the frontier of the forest, and in the distant horizon the morning breaks with the blush of red. Mr. HOPKINS as a painter of animals, and Mr. HAVELL of landscapes, conjointly give us two capital works, 'Weston Sands' (279) and 'The Ferry Boat' (260). In the first picture we have the flat beach of a fashionable watering-place on the Bristol Channel, studded with riders and walkers, goats, donkeys, and their attendants; the sun shines brightly in the picture, which, by its flood of daylight, is made remarkably brilliant. The other work, the joint product of the same artists, takes as its subject a ferry-boat laden with a team of horses—animals which Mr. Hopkins is known to paint with mastery and truth.

The school of Dutch interiors has, in every exhibition, its numerous representatives. Works of this class, we have a right to expect, shall be pointed and perspicuous, the incidents narrated with circumstantial detail, and elaborated with care and finish. 'Das Festkleid, a Schevening Girl, buying her Wedding Dress' (478), by Miss KATE SWIFT, has, not without reason, commanded a position on the line. The character of the customers in this general shop has been seized by the artist with point, and the attitudes of the figures are, for the most part, telling. On closer examination, however, it becomes apparent that the excellent intention of the work has not been carried out by commensurate ability in the execution, and the colour scarcely rises above the harmony of a monotone. Mr. LONG'S 'Don Quixote' (154), as might be expected, is a comedy. The knight, in full armour decked, has just sunk upon his knees before two strolling dancers, which he mistakes for high-born damsels. The picture contains some capital painting. The execution, however, is unequal, and the component parts of the composition are a little too scattered, wanting to be brought together. 'Pour les Pauvres' (610), by Mr. MANN, consists of a group of worshippers collected in a church; the central incident, the dropping of a mite into the poor-box, gives to the picture its name. The figures are smoothly painted, without over much decision, but altogether the effect is pleasing.

'The Sunday-school Teacher's Visit' (527), by Mr. EDWARD HUGHES, is a cottage scene of quiet pathos. The grandmother is seated at her spinning-wheel, and close by, propped up in an arm-chair by a pillow, we behold the sick granddaughter. The lady of the parish, in her labour of love and of mercy, reads to the fugitive towards another world words of consolation and hope. This is the sentiment of a composition which wins to sympathy; the manipulation evinces care. In a work numbered 579, and bearing a solemn text from Scripture, we cannot but think that religious sentiment has been carried to the point of pictorial cant. This is a pity, for the picture is well painted. The moral, no doubt, is that of an "awakened conscience." The daughter of poor parents, with a chain of gold about her neck, returns to the hovel of her birth, falling prostrate at the feet of her venerable mother. This tragic situation points, no doubt, to a sad story, yet we think that the painter of a mere *genre* work is scarcely justified in the attempt to raise a religious cry around his canvas by the recital of the awe-inspiring words, "I say unto you, there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth." There are some pictures which, like some persons, sin by being righteous over much. 'Sunny Days' (592), by Mr. J. C. WAITE, fortunately take us to a happier theme. A young mother gazes with the delight of a mother's heart upon her tender offspring, which evidently has grown into the joy and wonder of all beholders. These "sunny days" are likewise sunny in the play of sparkling lights, which make the canvas shine as a bright spot upon the walls. The works of Mr. HALLS are worthy of high commendation. For example, 'The First Darling' (457) and 'Watchful Eyes' (465) possess, among other excellent qualities, firmness in drawing, precision in execution, and a certain largeness of treatment seldom found in

pictures which follow the style of the Dutch painters. 'At Sea and on Shore' (85), by Mr. G. SMITH, is also another admirable work after the same school. In the like class may be mentioned with commendation, 'The Old Man's Feast' (361), by Mr. R. B. ROBERTS, and 'Lighting a Pipe' (301), by Mr. E. DAVIS. 'Saying Lessons' (459), also by Mr. DAVIS, is a very charming little picture. A group of children crowds around an elder sister, who presides as monitor. These figures are elaborated with infinite care, and the painter in his devotion has entered with philosophic mind into the anxieties and sorrows incident to juvenile lesson learning. 'Le Pas de Deux' (450), by Mr. HEMSLEY, is another small canvas, crowded with labour, and overflowing with incident after the best Dutch manner. 'A Gentle Hint' (505), by Mr. S. B. CLARKE, the hint being given by a begging cat at an old man's breakfast table, shows in the composition, treatment, and colour mature knowledge. 'The Buttery Hatch' (499), by Mr. W. F. YEAMES, looks, no doubt at first sight, a little too slight and sketchy. But the artist evidently holds himself above the smallness of mind implied in high finish. He strives rather to delineate character with graphic hand. Thus every line has its value, and every attitude its meaning. It seems indeed as if the works which crowd for favourable notice under this head would find no end. How, for instance, is it possible to pass over such a picture as 'The Poor Author of the Sixteenth Century' (268), by Mr. CRAWFORD? Here is in very truth a worn and anxious writer seen as seated at his deal desk, surrounded by heaps of papers, probably so many rejected addresses. The picture is faithful to the life, and in treatment unites, to a remarkable degree, character with finish. Among other works by Mr. PROVIS, we may emphasise 'The Village Blacksmith' (118). The walls of this old smithy are time corroded, and the anvil, vice, and other appurtenances of a blacksmith's shop Mr. Provis has painted with a brilliancy and finish little short of that which gained for Teniers his reputation.

ANIMALS, FRUIT, AND FLOWERS.

The pride of the exhibition is a charming picture, 'Well-bred Sitters, that never say they are "bored"' (68), a capital example of Sir EDWIN LANDSEER's later and *vaporosa* style of blended softness in execution, and suavity in sentiment. Donkeys on 'The Common' (84), by R. ANSDALL, hung as a companion to the last picture, is first-rate in painting, attaining to a blended harmony of colour and a delicacy of handling not always found in this artist. 'Winter' (261), by Mr. KEYL, is a snow-field tenanted by a flock of suffering and patient sheep. These sheep are truthful in outward form, detailed in the demarcation of their woolly coat; but, above all, the artist has entered into the inner life and sensibilities of the animal, so calm and resigned in its endurance. 'The Guardian' (309), by Mr. EARL, is a dog of decided character, who, looking out of his kennel, is ready to assert his position, wearing a knowing countenance, and maintaining an independent bearing. In 'Waiting for the Ferry-boat' (568), Mr. BOTTOMLEY gives us two bulky, yet noble, horses, which call for emphatic notice from the power gained by boldness in handling, and contrast in colour. The work confesses to the influence of that French school, of which Rosa Bonheur is the representative. A few other pictures of animals, of fruits, and of flowers, remain for rapid recital. 'A Study of a Dog's Head' (171), by Mr. ALFRED CORBOULD, shows a dexterous hand in the rapid play of the brush turned from the wrist. 'Salmon and Trout' (365), by Mr. ROLFE, are as silvery in scale, and as iridescent in colour, as when the angler just pulled them from the stream. 'Difficult Driving' (40), by Mr. F. WEEKES, is a work quiet in humour. The subject is most humble. A swineherd, accompanied by his pig, which he has secured by the leg, takes his rest by the wayside. The careful study which this small effort displays is most commendable. Mr. LANCE, in a picture which passes under the generic designation of 'Fruit' (239), includes gourds, grapes, and golden tankard in rich profusion. 'Autumn' (208), by Miss STANNARD, is another picture of fruit grouped with a background. The colour is

good, but the composition wants massing, and the lights concentration. 'Camellias' (387), by Mr. WORSEY, are careful in execution, and brilliant in colour.

LANDSCAPES.

This gallery is rich in landscapes of a quality, for the most part, excellent, and, in style, of every possible variety—scenes humble and scenes ambitious, effects poetic and prosaic, and treatments broad, generic, and detailed. The numerous members of the family of "Williams," under their several catalogue designations, are here in peculiar force. For example, 'Moonlight on the Mountains' (167), by Mr. GILBERT, must be pronounced, after its kind, a grand work. Here we have a lake all asleep in the tranquil moonlight, a monarch among mountains keeping watch and ward in the placid sky. As a contrast in effect, take Mr. BODDINGTON's 'Source of the Lake' (584). A flood of sunlight is here poured upon the landscape, and the incidents of the foreground are, as habitual to this artist, studied with infinite care. Troops of long reeds rear their spear-like heads among a colony of water-lilies, sailing on the rippling river. 'Evening in the Tyrol' (614), by Mr. A. W. WILLIAMS, seizes on yet another and contrasted effect—poetic and daring. A burning sunset, intense in red, gold, and purple, emblazons a sky pierced by a serrated battlement of mountains. In the foreground shepherds drive their flocks homewards. But we must pass rapidly through the varied moods known to the landscape painter—the ever-changing phases of that nature which reflects the infinite. Mr. PEEL, in 'Stone-thwaite Bridge' (495), paints, as usual with this artist, a landscape of quietism, content with greys and greens, and dewy liquid lights. Mr. ROSE, in 'Autumn Morning' (298), is more impulsive. He has here thrown together a broken scene of furze and brushwood, swelling into rising hills, and crowned by tumultuous mountains, all of which he paints with a free dashing hand, and adorns in rich and varied colour. 'The Conway' (378), by Mr. SYER, is a picture of truth and vigour—qualities which we are always sure to find in this artist. Mr. OAKES, well known for many studious works, is, in 'Mid-day, looking over Maldrath Bay' (156), chaotic. 'Near Godalming' (2), by Mr. COLE, is a little picture, worthy of Cuyper. The easily recognised facility of touch enjoyed by Mr. JUTSUM, has seldom been turned to better account than in his picture of the present year, 'The Woods in Autumn' (63). Mr. NIEMANN paints with a breadth and a power which contrast with the finesse and refinement of Mr. Jutsum; the vigour which this artist gets into in his picture of 'Bristol Floating Harbour' (545), is amazing. 'The Dogana, Venice' (246), is a remarkably good example of Mr. G. C. STANFIELD's style. 'The Wooden Walls and Iron Sides of old England' (199), by Mr. KNELL, sen., furnish one of the very few good sea-pieces in the present exhibition. 'The Holiday in the Woods' (75), by Mr. T. P. HALL, might have been commended as a figure subject. This picture is carefully and capitally painted. Finally, let us throw into one group artists signal in depicting the dramatic effect of the elements, the glory, the victory, and the tyranny of the sun in his power. The painters by whom these walls have been thus adorned, are the two Danbys, Mr. DILLON, Mr. DAWSON, and Mr. HARRY JOHNSON. Mr. Dawson's 'Isle of Wight' (179) is burning with a magnificence of sky worthy of a Linnell or a Turner. Mr. DILLON, in 'The Gate of the Colossi, Karnac' (95), gilds with a tropic sun the ruins which thirty centuries have mutilated. Mr. T. and Mr. J. DANBY, the one in a golden, the other in a silver key, intone the cadence and the full climax of that concord of sweet colour in which their father rejoiced and gloried. We cannot better conclude this section of our subject than with the two impressive pictures which Athens has given to Mr. HARRY JOHNSON. This artist haunts the scenes where history has set her stately foot, in the midst of a nature lofty and sublime. He knows by intuition, or has acquired through observation, the treatment conducive to grand dramatic effect. Through pictorial contrast and balanced symmetry he attains the ends he seeks—magnitude, grandeur, and scenic display.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—There is as much excitement here among the Art-students as among those in the schools of the Department of Science and Art in England; and in both cases it is caused by government regulations. The appointment of a military officer, the Duc de Morny, as we stated in our last number, to the post of superintendent of the *Ecole Imperiale et Speciale des Beaux Arts*, appears to have excited not only the ridicule but the anger of a large body both of artists and students; and the new rules and examinations to which the students are now subjected have added to their grievances. On the 30th of January a kind of *emeute* occurred in the court of the Louvre, where a considerable body of the latter assembled, and surrounding M. le Comte de Nieuwerkerke, urged upon him, as one who had considerable influence with the government in all matters connected with Art, to endeavour to get a modification of the new rules. After a considerable lapse of time the remonstrances of this gentleman, coupled with those of M. Théophile Gautier, the well-known Art-critic of Paris, induced the assembly to disperse, which they did amid cries of "Vive l'Institut!"

ST. PETERSBURG.—The *Invalide Russe* states that the new catalogue of the picture gallery of the Imperial Hermitage Museum has just appeared. This magnificent collection contains 1,631 choice pictures, among 7,000 or 8,000 collected gradually by the sovereigns of Russia, from the reign of Peter the Great. The nucleus of the collection is formed from the celebrated galleries of Baron Crozat, at Paris; of Count Brühl, Minister of King Augustus II., of Poland; and Sir Robert Walpole, Prime Minister of George I. and George II., of Great Britain. To these riches, acquired by the Empress Catherine II., her successor united the finest pictures from the Malmesbury of King William II., of the Netherlands, the frescoes of Raphael from the gallery of Campana, and others. Of these 1,631 paintings, 327 belong to the Italian schools, 115 to the Spanish schools, 944 to the German schools (Flemish, Dutch, and German), 8 to the English school, 172 to the French school, and 65 to the Russian school. The true richness of the Hermitage consists in its Spanish and Flemish collections. Among the first are reckoned 20 of Murillo and 6 of Velasquez. Among those of the Flemish and Dutch painters are 60 Rubens, 34 Van Dyck, 40 Teniers the younger, 41 Rembrandt, 50 Wouvermans, 9 Potter, &c. The Hermitage is the only continental museum that possesses a small collection of English pictures, among which figure the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a composition that exhibits numerous faces, representing the 'Infant Hercules Strangling the Serpents.' The picture was ordered of this celebrated painter by Catherine II. The French school is the richest after that of the Louvre. Among the paintings of Russian artists some are very remarkable. The gallery occupies thirty-nine rooms and cabinets on the Bel Etage of the Museum.

A DAY FOR J. D. HARDING.

"It is a noisy morning; yet the sky
Looks down as bright as on a summer's day."
BARRY CORNWALL.

THIS is a day for Harding; the dark pines,
And the green elms no less, stand sharp and clear
Against the sky; the rivulet gushing near
Is bright and sparkling; and the hedge-row lines
May all be told; yon purple streak defines
At once the boundary where the hills appear
To bathe them in the cool grey atmosphere:
Just so the Painter's hand his skilful work designs.
Those too are Harding's clouds,—so heapeth he
Their pillow beauty (so the giants heaped
Ossa on Pelion): some have edges steeped
In sunlight; some float dark and solemnly;
Some "slope their dusky shadows of thick rain;"*
True Art! Fine Nature! glorious, loving twain!

March, 1834.

G. J. DE WILDE.

[This sonnet, the author tells us, was written thirty years ago, "one 'noisy' morning during a walk between Watford and St. Alban's;" a pleasant country, as we well know, with much beautiful and varied home-scenery. The lines have not previously appeared in print.—ED. A.-J.]

* Leigh Hunt's "Nymphs."

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The secretary has issued the following circular to such artists as are candidates for admission into the Royal Academy:—

"Jan. 30, 1864.

"SIR,—I am directed by the President and Council to transmit to you a copy of a resolution passed at the General Assembly of the 29th inst.:—

Resolved,—That no elections, either of Academicians or Associates, shall take place until the Special Committee shall have presented their report on the constitution of the Royal Academy for the consideration of the General Assembly.

"Your obedient servant,
"J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., Sec."

The Royal Academy thus ignores one of its principal laws, which commands that all vacancies created before the 10th of November shall be filled up before the 10th of February following.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—At a general assembly of this society, held on the 8th of February, the members filled up the four vacancies in the associate list by the election of Mr. F. Walker, Mr. E. Lundgren, Mr. E. B. Jones, and Mr. G. P. Boyce. The three first are figure-painters, and will strengthen the society in a class of subjects in which they were sparingly represented; Mr. Boyce is a landscape-painter. All four are well known, and have already achieved considerable success in their respective walks of Art. There were thirty-three candidates, many of them exhibiting an amount of talent greatly in advance of former competitors, and this rendered the contest a very close run. We believe it is the wish of the society to enlarge their number, so as to admit at least two of the candidates whose works were presented, but who were excluded at this election solely on account of the limit which determines the number of associates.

HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.—Some of the daily papers have stated—and it is to be presumed on good authority—that Mr. Dyce, R.A., has been compelled by ill health to entirely cease working on the series of frescoes relating to the legends of King Arthur, on which he has so long been engaged, in the Queen's Robing-room in the Houses of Parliament; and that, having given up all hope of ever being able to finish these works, he has returned to the Treasury the sums paid him on account of them. We deeply regret to hear such report, for it implies, as it seems to us, that the same cause will prevent Mr. Dyce from labouring in his own atelier; and we can ill afford to lose from our annual exhibitions the works of a painter so highly gifted as he. It is, therefore, to be hoped that the illness referred to may prove only of a temporary character.*

Fresco-PAINTING.—On the evening of the 12th of February, Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson delivered a lecture at the Society of Arts on this subject—an important one, and ably treated by the lecturer. At the close a discussion took place, generally unfavourable to the employment of fresco in this country—an opinion opposed to that of Mr. Atkinson.

THE VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY.—The project for purchasing by public subscription this fine collection of national war-pictures—as spoken of last month in our illustrated notice of the painter, Mr. Desanges—has been forestalled by the liberality of a wealthy gentleman residing, we understand, near Leeds, who has bought the entire series exhibited of late at the Crystal Palace. We are right glad to know, whatever may be its ultimate destination in the hands of the new owner, that the collection will not be dispersed: possibly the possessor may entertain the idea of becoming a public benefactor, like Mr. Sheepshanks and Mr. Vernon, by bequeathing his acquisitions to the nation. However this may be, the artist is so far rewarded for his labours as to be rid of his pictures, and on remunerative terms, we believe, though not at the absurd prices often paid at the present day for paintings. We hope to see the places left vacant at the Crystal Palace by the removal of the Victoria Cross Gallery, filled with other works equally excellent in quality, though they may differ in

subject. The picture-gallery at Sydenham is admirably constructed for the exhibition of works of Art, and the annual sales amount to a considerable sum. Many thousand persons visit it during the year, and among these "buyers" are numerous. The purchaser of Mr. Desanges's collection chanced to go one day into the room wherein they hung, saw them, and at once negotiated for their transfer to his own custody.

MR. WILLIAM HUNT, one of the oldest members of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, died, at his residence in Stanhope Street, on the 10th of February. His humorous rustic figures, of earlier years, his birds'-nests, wild flowers, and fruits, of a later period, are, of their kind, the perfection of water-colour painting, and will be greatly missed from the gallery in Suffolk Street. Mr. Hunt had reached the seventy-fourth year of his age; he was a native of London.

THE SHAKESPEARE COMMITTEE.—There is still so much "confusion" connected with this subject that we do not consider it desirable to enter into details, although we may perhaps be in a condition to do so next month, when the "affair" must be brought to something like a conclusion. Although the London committee leave us still in the dark, that at Stratford has issued a "programme." We shall deeply regret if there be truth in the rumour that the play of *Hamlet* is to be performed at Stratford for the "benefit" (in one sense) of Mr. Fechter. It will be not a little humiliating to be told that while we are seeking to honour the great poet, we cannot play his Plays without the aid of a Frenchman.

THE MACAULAY MEMORIAL for Trinity College, Cambridge, is nearly finished by Mr. Woolner. The historian is seated in his college gown, with a book in his hand—the fingers pressed into the open leaves, as if he had been collecting points in an argument.

THE DUBLIN EXHIBITION, 1864.—The Royal Dublin Society having resolved to include a gallery of Fine Arts in the exhibition to be held during the summer of 1864, it is proposed that the gallery shall comprise a collection of modern paintings in oil and water colours, miniatures, enamels, and similar works of Art. They solicit, therefore, the loan of paintings and other works suitable to the collection, and request that all offers to contribute may be sent in at the earliest convenience of those persons who intend to favour them with objects for the exhibition. Communications upon this subject may be addressed to the Honorary Secretary, Fine Arts Department, Exhibition of 1864, Royal Dublin Society, Kildare Street, Dublin. We may add that the committee recently had an audience with the Lord-Lieutenant, who promised to give the whole undertaking all the aid in his power.

MESSES. CUNDALL AND CO. have applied their photographic process to the copying an early manuscript of Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," a poem destined to live, if any writing can, so long as the world lasts, and in the language of every civilised country. The reproduction is taken from the only existing draught of the poem—at Pembroke House, Cambridge—which is considered to be a fair copy made by Gray, probably for circulation among his friends. The draught formed a portion of the papers bequeathed by the poet to his friend and biographer, Mason. It is written in a very neat and perfectly legible hand, though the century, and longer, which has elapsed since it was penned, has caused some of the lines to become pale. The latter portion does not appear in stanzas as the whole is now printed, probably from the fact that the entire poem is contained on a single sheet of small post paper, which would not admit of space between each verse. Several interpolations appear in the manuscript, together with some stanzas which we do not remember to have seen before. This most interesting legacy, which is accompanied by a history of the poem, is published by Messrs. S. Low & Co.

VAUXHALL SCHOOL OF ART.—Another result of the new minute issued by the Council of Education has been that the chairman of the committee of management of the Vauxhall School lately convened a meeting of the students to inform them that it would be necessary, after the 1st of March, to raise the fees of all students not artisans. The committee, he stated, regretted to

do this, but it was the only alternative if the masters were to be retained; for, under the old system, the expenses were almost more than the income of the school would meet; while under the new, the money granted by Government would be so much decreased, that the masters must be remunerated either by the manner now proposed, or by extra payment on the part of the committee, who were not in a position to incur such an increase.

THE LATE DR. SWINEY bequeathed a sum of money, to be invested in the Society of Arts, for awarding, in conjunction with the Royal College of Physicians, in every fifth anniversary of the Doctor's death, "to the author of the best published treatise on Jurisprudence a silver goblet of the value of £100, with gold coin in it to the same amount." The judges appointed by the will have recently made the award in favour of Henry Sumner Maine, D.C.L., late Regius Professor of Civil Law in the University of Cambridge, and now member of the Legislative Council of India, and author of a work on Jurisprudence, entitled "Ancient Law." The goblet was executed by Messrs. Garrard, after a design by D. MacIise, R.A.

THE GRAPHIC.—On the evening of the 13th of January, there was exhibited by this Society a large and varied collection of pictures and drawings by the late James Ward, R.A., contributed by his son, Mr. George Raphael Ward. The rising generation of painters has heard of the high reputation of the late Mr. Ward as an animal painter, but it has seen little or nothing out of which this reputation has grown, because his works, as animal or local portraiture, have an interest which preserves them as heirlooms in the quiet country families that possess them. Among the works, however, of which we now speak, there were many to tell of the genius, and early freshness and vigour of this painter, certainly the first in his department of Art to show breeding, character, and lively intelligence in the animals he painted. One of his pictures especially drew a large share of attention; it had been painted in emulation of Rembrandt's 'Mill,' which appeared in the ancient collection at the British Institution, in the year 1806. Among the academicians the Dutch picture was a source of great interest and curiosity; inasmuch, that many imitations of it were painted. In reference to it the president, West, proposed to Ward that he should paint an imitation of it at some time, observing that he (Ward) knew more about Rembrandt than any one else. The result was this admirable picture, so truly Rembrandtesque, that it might well pass for an original by the great master. There were also 'Duncan's Horses' (*Macbeth*), with landscapes, portraits of animals, and a great variety of chalk drawings and sketches, many of which had been made for well-known pictures. In the gathering were drawings by Raffaele and Da Vinci, from the Royal collections, and shown by permission of the Queen; with selections from the portfolios of Jutsum, McKewan, Soper, and others.¹

THE LINGHAM SCHOOL.—On the evening of Saturday, the 9th of January, at a *conversazione*, held in the rooms of the Lingham Society of Artists, there were exhibited some of the works intended to be sent to the British Institution. Throughout the evening the rooms were so thronged with members and visitors, as to render it a matter of some little difficulty to see the pictures. It has been suggested that these crowded meetings should be held in a more commodious place, but in such case they would be no longer under the control of the Society. The gathering was not so impressive as some that have been seen there. Prominent among the pictures and drawings were works by Fitzgerald, Rossiter, Weekes, Hayes, Marks, Pidgeon, H. Moore, Stark, Green, C. Cattermole, and others whose names did not appear, with portfolios of interesting sketches. At a glance the visitor understands that he breathes a Young England atmosphere; and the rooms are so full of young painters that there is no room for old ones. The landscapes are painted on the spot, and most of them left crisp with one painting. There is no deference to the principles that inculcate varieties of colour and indispensable tracts of shade—the lights and darks are adopted just as they appear in the subjects—and the figure pictures acknowledge

* After this was written, and just as this sheet was going to press, we received the sad intelligence of Mr. Dyce's death, on the 14th of February. All comment must be postponed.—ED. A.J.

none of the rules of what is called high Art. The next gathering will be prior to the Academy exhibition, on which occasion a much more brilliant assemblage is expected.

VALENTINES have, within the last few years, become works of beautiful ornamental Art, on which designer, colourist, and machinist have exercised no little skill, taste, and ingenuity. We do not look forward to the 14th of February with the same anticipations that, perhaps, we did a quarter of a century, or longer, ago, but a chance *billet-doux* of the order of St. Valentine comes occasionally into our hands; and this year, one published by Mr. Rimmel, and called the "Sachet Valentine," has reached us. Externally the packet is emerald green and gold, on which is laid a bouquet of musk roses, concealing a verse, by Roscoe, suited to the occasion, and surrounded by a rich perforated border of white; under this outer covering is—we know not what—but something that sends forth a perfume as of all the groves of Araby. Rare skill has Mr. Rimmel in compounding these sweet odours, offered to the public in such an elegant form.

COMMUNION SERVICES.—Art is now almost invariably employed to grace the communion table of the English Church. A service has recently been presented by "Walter Hughes and Emma his wife" to the church of All Saints, Highgate. It is designed by A. W. Blomfield, Esq., the eminent architect, one of the sons of the late excellent Bishop of London, and manufactured by Mr. Keith for Mr. Francis Smith, of "the Ecclesiastical Warehouse," Southampton Street, Strand. The set consists of flagon, chalice, paten, and offertory dish, of silver, the groundwork of the principal engraved ornaments being gilt: a most agreeable effect is thus produced. The paten is engraved with the text: "Take, eat, this is My Body." The sacred monogram is in the centre, within an ornamental quatrefoil on a gilt ground. The offertory dish has the text: "This is My command: love one another as I have loved you." In the centre is a large cross on a gilt ground. The set is very admirable in manufacture, and exceedingly graceful and appropriate in design.

MR. ROLFE, landscape painter and photographer, of the Haymarket, has painted and photographed some views in order to supply the vigour of tone, definition of form, and the artistic distribution of lights and darks considered necessary to pictorial compositions. Grey has been generally considered as preserving in photography the most perfect relation of tones, but it is found that the gradations come out relatively too light. Mr. Rolfe, therefore, works with Vandyke brown, which is found as nearly as possible to yield an accurate repetition of the extremes and gradations of the painting. It is scarcely necessary now to observe that in photographs of landscapes the greens, yellows, and reds come out much darker than in the picture, and the blues, as for instance in seas or skies, are returned white. Mr. Rolfe having painted views of country houses, which it was desirable to have photographed, the pictures were preparatorily copied in Vandyke brown, and hence a true version of the painting. Some of them we have seen; one a view of Esher Place, the site, by the way, of the palace commenced by Cardinal Wolsey; we look from a cornfield, in autumn, down upon the Thames, whence the ground on the other side rises, the eminence being topped by a house surrounded by trees. A view of Breamore, near Salisbury, has been treated in the same way, with perfect success; also the famous view from Richmond Hill, and another at Sanderstead, near Croydon. It is not necessary that these repetitions be as large as a large landscape—a copy of the length of two feet or less is sufficiently large.

MR. DALLAS, a photographer of Fleet Street, announces a discovery, called photo-electric engraving, whereby photographs are transferred in intaglio to a metal plate, by a certain process, yielding prints which have all the minute drawing of the photograph. The example we had the opportunity of examining was a metal plate, the subject the Banqueting Hall, Kenilworth, from which two thousand prints had been taken. The metal is iron, and the printing surface is granulated like aqua-tint; it had never

been touched with a paint, except for the purpose of being cleaned. Mr. Dallas does not patent his invention, preferring to keep his own secret; and from the impunity with which patents are evaded, we think he is right. The plate and the print were everywhere perfect, the former having much the appearance of having been bitten in; but we do not presume to inquire into Mr. Dallas's secret, it is his own, and he has every title to the best results it can give him. Of the perfect success of the invention in another direction, there is also evidence in some plates (porcelain) which contain a very delicate reproduction of a photograph. The cost is about one-third of that of engraving, and it is applicable to the production of engravings for manufacturers' pictures, stereoscopic slides, book illustrations, copies of maps, plans, engravings, manuscripts, and all the round of appliances to which photography or drawing is suitable.

THE ADORNMENT OF ST. PAUL'S.—The estimated cost is, it appears, between £60,000 and £70,000, of which nearly £15,000 has been subscribed. Mr. Francis Fuller proposes that four hundred gentlemen shall agree each to raise £100, or forty to raise each £1,000, to carry into execution this great and noble work.

THE INTERNATIONAL BUILDING is now in rapid process of removal from Kensington to Muswell Hill; we shall take an early opportunity of describing the contemplated structure, &c., at the Alexandra Park.

THE PAINTERS' COMPANY'S exhibition of decorative and imitative work will be held in June, 1864, with two extra prizes of £5 each for decoration.

SCHOOL OF ART, SOUTH KENSINGTON.—Mr. Treloar, of Ludgate Hill, has offered prizes for competition by the students of this school, for the "best designs for cocoa-nut mats and kamptulicon floor-cloths."

PICTURE SALE-SHOPS.—There has long been a notorious and flourishing picture sale-shop on the left hand of St. Paul's Churchyard (going east), against which we warned our readers, more than once or twice, ten or twelve years ago. It is, or rather was, kept by a man named Barnes, who has also an "establishment" at the corner of Bedford Street, Strand, and whose son has another, called "The Blue Post," in the Haymarket. That at St. Paul's purports to be an auction room, and whenever a stranger strolls in, pictures are "put up," and "biddings" may be heard. When there is no stranger present, the assembled group (for there are always several persons in "attendance") have a "chat" as to prospects and probable chances of gudgeons coming to the hook. We have so frequently and so strongly described and commented on cases of this kind, that we have, of late years, considered it mere waste of words to give any further warnings on the subject. If men will go into places of the sort with their eyes open, they deserve little pity when they pay the penalty of folly.

MR. F. FRITH, who occupies a very prominent station as a photographer, and whose copies of places and scenery in the Holy Land, have not been surpassed, announces as in preparation a series of "sixty photographs by the best artists of the day," to be published in four parts—one part a year. He resides at Reigate.

WEDGWOOD INSTITUTE AT BURSLEM.—The competition designs for ornamenting this institute are now being exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, in the iron building, near to the works sent in competition for the Art-workmanship prizes of the Society of Arts.

MR. VIAL'S PROCESS OF IMITATIVE ENGRAVING.—This subject has been discussed at a meeting of the Society of Arts. We have given a brief description of it in *The Art-Journal*, and shall ere long recur to it—probably after subjecting it to an additional test.

MR. JOHN LINNELL, the landscape painter, has forwarded to the National Life Boat Institution a donation of £50.

THE PRIVATE VIEW OF THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS took place on the 27th of last month, and was opened to the public on the 29th. The school for the study of the draped figure has been well attended, and will be reopened at the end of the season.

REVIEWS.

COLERIDGE'S RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.
Illustrated by J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

We hesitate not to pronounce this to be the greatest work offered to the subscribers of the Art-Union of London since the establishment of the Society. It was a bold determination, and as laudable as bold, for the council to come to the decision of publishing such a volume, as it will assuredly put to the severest test the public taste. If these extraordinary compositions, so full of the highest poetical fancy and the greatest artistic ability, do not find favour with the thousands who profess to love Art and to know something about it; and if, consequently, the Art-Union does not greatly increase its list of subscribers this year—for it is intended to be given to them—then we shall despair of every attempt that may be made to teach the public what true and good Art is: the society, no less than ourselves and others who for many years have been working in the same field, will have to acknowledge that we have all laboured in vain.

To illustrate Coleridge's strange and imaginative ballad of "The Ancient Mariner" in a manner at all worthy of it, can only be done by an artist of a kindred mind—by a poet-painter. In the story is such a blending of the wild and preternatural with the fervour of energetic description and the tenderness of human feeling, that, as a critic has said, "There is nothing else like it; it is a poem by itself. Between it and other compositions, in *pari materid*, there is a chasm which you cannot overpass. The sensitive reader feels himself insulated, and a sea of wonder and mystery flows round him as round the spell-stricken ship itself." Though the versification is irregular, the phraseology oftentimes quaint and inharmonious to modern ears, there is in the manner in which the tale is told such grandeur of thought drawn both from the ideal and the reality of nature, as well as from mortal suffering, and so much power of expression, that the reader's attention is riveted as well by the sublime beauty of the narrative as by the intensely dramatic situation of the unhappy seaman and his shipmates.

Twenty illustrations, in bold outline, slightly shaded, have a place in this volume: from the first to the last there is not one of which we could not find much to say, had we room for long descriptive comment; we can only, however, point out—and without remark—some of those that appear the most striking:—"The Wedding Guest listening to the Mariner's Tale;" "The Bride passing into the Hall;" "The Deck of the Ship, with the Mariner preparing to shoot the Albatross;" "The Discovery of the Strange Ship;" "The Dice Players;" "The Albatross loosened from the Mariner;" "The Mariner Sleeping;" "The Spirit of Mist and Snow;" "The Seraph Bard;" "The Whirlpool;" "The Garden Bower;" and "The Interior of the Kirk." The titles are our own, solely for the purposes of identification; the descriptive verse appears under each plate in the volume.

We have always entertained a very high opinion of Mr. Paton's genius; many of the pictures he has painted, and the designs he has put forth on various occasions, show that his mind is stored with rich and cultivated thoughts of an original character; but we scarcely anticipated such a display of them combined with so much graphic power as these compositions manifest. Our curiosity will be excited to learn how the public receives them; but whether with favour or otherwise, the Art-Union of London has shown great judgment and discrimination, so far as it is the professed object of the society to serve the cause of Art in its highest qualities, in issuing them. If the experiment be a failure—which we cannot and do not look for—the fault will lie at the doors of the public only, and the council must hereafter give the subscribers the rapid prettinesses for which they ask.

VIEWS OF THE RHINE. Photographed and Published by C. HAUFF & Co., London.

If photography is not superseding entirely the labours of the painter, it is only because, with all its marvellous results, photography cannot do what the painter accomplishes. It does more of some things and less of others; it gives us facts which the utmost cunning of the pencil fails to present, but is totally unable to convey to the eye or mind the loveliness of nature in her beauty and diversity of colour, and the delicacy of her atmospheric tints. The artist has one mission, the photographer another; their interests may not be identical, but they are, certainly, not opposed to each other.

Photographic publications of every kind multiply so rapidly we can hardly keep pace with the demand

they make on our attention. On our table lies a portfolio containing twelve large prints of Rhine scenery, the first instalment, as it seems by the title-page which accompanies it, of a continued series of a similar kind. A trip up the Rhine has become as familiar to thousands of Englishmen as a trip to Richmond or Blackwall; but for this reason, reminiscences of places visited, such as these photographs afford, are additionally pleasant. It is always agreeable to have "at hand" something we can refer to and recognise as old acquaintances. Cologne, one of the earliest great points of attraction on the noble river, is represented by three views; the first shows the western end of the magnificent cathedral, with the restorations now going on; every detail of its rich architecture presented to the light is brought out with the utmost clearness and brilliancy, the most delicate tracery and ornamentation being distinctly visible. The next is a view of the cathedral taken from the new bridge, a striking picture, but not so effective as the preceding; the tone is too uniform, as if it had been taken on a cloudy day. The third shows the city from Deutz, on the opposite side of the river, the point of view being close to the bridge of boats; this is an excellent photograph. Bonn, taken from some rising ground on the outskirts, composes into a beautiful landscape; the foreground fields and gardens, the town in the middle distance, backed by a level line of elevated country. No. 5 is Rolandseck and the Drachenfels, taken from the left bank of the river, which is here a sloping mass of huge flat boulders, the range of hills closing up the view. As a picture, we prefer to the last, No. 6, Rolandseck, Nonnenwerth, and the Drachenfels—the view taken from the road entrance, where trees line the way on each side, and the river winds round the bases of the mountains. The print is rather black, and yet the detail of the trees and herbage is beautifully marked. Still better is the next, the Drachenfels from Rolandseck, with the railroad making a circuit in the foreground, and the range of hills on the opposite side of the Rhine fading away softly into the distance. No. 8, Godesberg and Panorama of the Rhine, shows how incapable the art of photography is of representing space so as to preserve the identity of far-off objects; the distance here is little else than a blank; everything is, as it were, lost in a cloud of mist. The state of the atmosphere at the time the photograph was taken would have much to do with this. No. 9, Panorama of the Rhine—a dark print, but yet the details of the landscape are well preserved: exquisitely soft and tender is the line of country bounding the horizon. No. 10 is the Convent of Nonnenwerth, lying in the midst of a belt of trees, the Rhine immediately beyond, and a vast range of landscape filling up the background. In this, as in No. 9, the receding objects want such clear definition as only the painter's art can produce. The Ruins of the Drachenfels, No. 11, come out well; every fissure of the rock, every scrap of vegetation, is marvellously distinct; even the name of some traveller—not, however, an Englishman—may be detected, with a good magnifying glass, traced on a piece of rock. This, in all respects, is one of the best photographs in the portfolio. The series concludes with a view of the elegant Church of Apollinaris, standing out solidly and clearly, in a rich tone of colour, against a cloudless sky.

Messrs. Hauff, by the publication of these views, will give pleasure to many who have enjoyed the romantic scenery of the Rhine; and to those who have not had the privilege of visiting it, these prints will serve to acquaint them with some of its beauties.

LIFE-PORTRAITS OF WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE; a History of the Various Representations of the Poet, with an Examination into their Authenticity. By J. HAIN FRISWELL. Illustrated by Photographs of the most authentic Portraits, and with Views, &c., by CUNDALL, DOWNES & CO. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON, London.

A timely publication just now, when so much is being thought, said, and done in commemoration of our great dramatic poet. As seven cities contended for the honour of having given birth to Homer, so are there numerous works of Art each urging its claim to be an undoubted representation of Shakespeare. Mr. Friswell has taken considerable pains to investigate the history of these rivals, and to weigh, without prejudice, their merits as authentic portraits. Taking the principal in the order critics assign to them generally, we have, first, the bust on the monument in the church at Stratford-on-Avon, assumed to be sculptured by Gerard Johnson, from a cast taken from Shakespeare's face after death; next, the "Chandos" portrait, formerly in the possession of the Duke of Buckingham, and purchased at the sale of the Stowe collection, in 1848, by the Earl of

Ellesmere, who presented it to the nation; then the engraving, by Droeshout, which appeared in an edition of the plays published in 1623. The fourth is known as the "Felton" head; the fifth as the "Stratford" portrait—one somewhat recently brought to light, and whose authenticity was discussed in our columns at the time of the discovery, two or three years ago; and the sixth is the portrait, assumed to be that of the poet, painted by Cornelius Jansen, who was in England from about 1618 to 1648: this picture is in the possession of the Duchess of Somerset.

The history of the majority of these works has engaged the attention and invited the research of many critics and commentators for more than a century. Mr. Friswell, himself an enthusiastic Shakespearean, has collected and sifted these various authorities with no little judgment; but though the narrative is curious and interesting, the verdict as regards the genuineness of even the best authenticated portrait—the monumental bust at Stratford—is "not proven." Englishmen will never know the real features of their marvellous countryman, though they may see what approaches a likeness; we must content ourselves with this.

FAC-SIMILE DELLE MINIATURE CONTENUTE NEL BREVIARIO GRIMANI, CONSERVATO NELLA BIBLIOTECA DI S. MARCO. Eseguito in Fotografia da ANTONIO PERINI, con illustrazioni di FRANCESCO ZANOTTO. Published by A. PERINI, Venice: C. HAUFF & Co., London.

In the famous library of St. Mark, Venice, there exists a notable illuminated manuscript, known to biblioplists as the Breviary Grimani, and executed about the year 1475. It acquired its name from the Cardinal Domenico Grimani, who bought it of the Sicilian painter Antonello, better known in England as Messina, from the place of his birth: Grimani bequeathed the Breviary to the republic of Venice.

It was executed, as Signor Zanotto supposes, by order of Sixtus IV. for the particular use of the Franciscan brotherhood to which he belonged: but as he died before the work came into his hands, the probability is that it was left in those of one of the Flemish artists employed on it, and that subsequently it came into the possession of Messina, who went to Bruges to study under Van Eyck. The early history of this remarkable example of illuminated Art is, however, very uncertain, but there is no doubt of its having been executed in Flanders, and that Hemling, or Hemmelinck—Zanotto refers to the two names as if they were those of two different persons—Vander Meire, and others of the early Flemish school, including Messina himself, whose name occasionally appears in the list of artists who took part in it, were the painters of the principal pictures.

This Breviary is composed of eight hundred and thirty-one folios, written and illuminated on vellum of the finest quality, very white, and polished on both sides. Twenty-four of these pages are occupied by calendars of the months; then follow the lessons, psalms, and rubrics proper to Advent, and so on through the various services of the Christian year. After these come the hymns for the year, the services for the saints, those of the sacraments, and whatever else remains of the ritual of the Romish church. Each page is richly ornamented after the manner of illuminated works, while to the calendars is prefixed a large picture suited to the season: there are also numerous other pictures of sacred and legendary subjects, amounting altogether to one hundred and ten. It is these, with a few pages of the ornamented text, that Signor Perini has reproduced in photography, and the former of which his coadjutor, Signor Zanotto, describes in his own language, the whole forming a massive quarto volume splendidly bound in crimson velvet with gilt ornaments. It will readily be assumed that the absence of colour much detracts from the value of the pictures, but the subjects are there in all their quaintness and individuality—many of them really beautiful for the period and the country in which they originated. A French translation of the text appears side by side with the Italian version.

A YOUNG ARTIST'S LIFE. Published by HURST AND BLACKETT, London.

Though no author's name appears on the title-page of this volume, we have good authority for believing it to have been written by Mr. Alexander B. Cochrane, M.P. To those who can read a story without plot, or sensational "situations," or exciting events, this narrative will be acceptable. "Artist-life," as we generally know it to be, is certainly not described here; artists, as a class, are not made of such stuff as Leonard Holme, nor do they meet with such liberal friends and patrons as Markham. Still, there may be such, and as the preface intimates that these

two individuals have, or rather had—for Holme was drowned at sea—their prototypes in persons whom some readers of the book might easily recognise, we are bound to acknowledge in the existence of such.

Holme's history is not without events, less often-times as regards himself, perhaps, than others. Brought up in the office of a lawyer, he yet has little sympathy with Coke and Blackstone, and parchments, and engrossing. His thoughts are with nature, and his spare hours are spent before an easel, in a garret high up in a quiet back street of the metropolis. He has an earnest, thoughtful mind, and a heart generous by principle, not impulse; and even with means comparatively restricted, he can spare for the wants of others, and leave his canvas to minister to their necessities, and console by his presence and cheering, trustful conversation. Transferred to a position of comparative independence, where he can follow his favourite pursuit without much let or hindrance, and at length placed in circumstances that call forth the strongest feelings of a man's heart, he is true to himself and the demands of honour, and flees the country rather than risk his character. There is little about Art or artists in the story, but it has a healthy tone, and though its interest is divided among several individuals, each sustains well his or her part; and, with the exception of the drunken brother of the two poor sisters, are people of whom the world has only too few of the like.

THE PALM TREE. The Illustrations by the Author. By S. MOODY. Published by NELSON AND SONS, London.

From our earliest years "the palm" is associated in our minds with the East, and with "the glory and the holiness thereof." The figure of a captive woman, seated beneath a palm tree, was chosen as the symbol of Judea by her conquerors, and the device is to be seen on the coins of Vespasian and Titus. The "palm tree" is immortalised in the history of the Jews. In their finest poetry the "palm" is a favourite similitude, and in their architecture a chosen symbol; but the chief glory of this noble tree was attained in the days of the MESSIAH—the one triumphal day when Zion welcomed Christ her anointed king, she laid in homage at his feet the honoured branches of the "palm." And we are told of a multitude that no man can number, who, white robed, with "palms in their hands," shall, in the celestial city of Jerusalem, which is above, sing Hallelujahs to their Saviour God.

"Of this one only tree," Miss Moody truly states in her introduction, "can it be said that, given to be man's delight on earth, it is mentioned by name in the word of God as hereafter to be given in heaven also. Of this one only tree can it also be said that, encircling the globe for a width of 4,860 geographical miles, it is there found in every varied locality—on desert sands, in luxuriant forests, on mountains 14,000 feet high, and on wave-washed coral reefs in the middle of the ocean." Well might Linnæus proclaim the palm-tree race "princes among vegetation." We talk of "palmy days," and "palmy times," and the "palmy side," so that almost unconsciously the glorious "palm" forms part of our everyday thoughts and conversation, and we feel indebted to the womanly tenderness and affection which Miss Moody has bestowed upon the cherished object of her veneration, and also for the earnest devotional spirit that pervades her history of the tree, which she appropriately calls "the servant of God and the friend of man."

Miss Moody does not intend this palmy record for the botanical student; she has selected only some of the principal members of the family of "palms" from an earnest desire to make the general reader acquainted with the perfectness and the beauty of one of God's most beautiful and gracious works. She is specially anxious that her readers should remember that her book does not profess to be a history of palms,* and points out in her brief preface how it differs from all that have gone before on the same subject, as it was expressly written to illustrate the psalmist's similitude, and to include all the Scripture notices of palms.

If the fair author mounts too frequently on the wings of imagination, and idealises what the botanist would detail, we find excuse for such flights of fancy in the fact that her birthplace was the region of palms, and that after Miss Moody's education had been finished in England, she revisited her island home, and renewed and strengthened her affection for those glorious trees whose history she records, and whose bounty she dwells upon, with all the eloquence of a loving and enthusiastic nature.

* Miss Moody refers those who wish to extend their knowledge of this interesting tribe, to Doctor Borthold Seeman's "Popular History of Palms."